

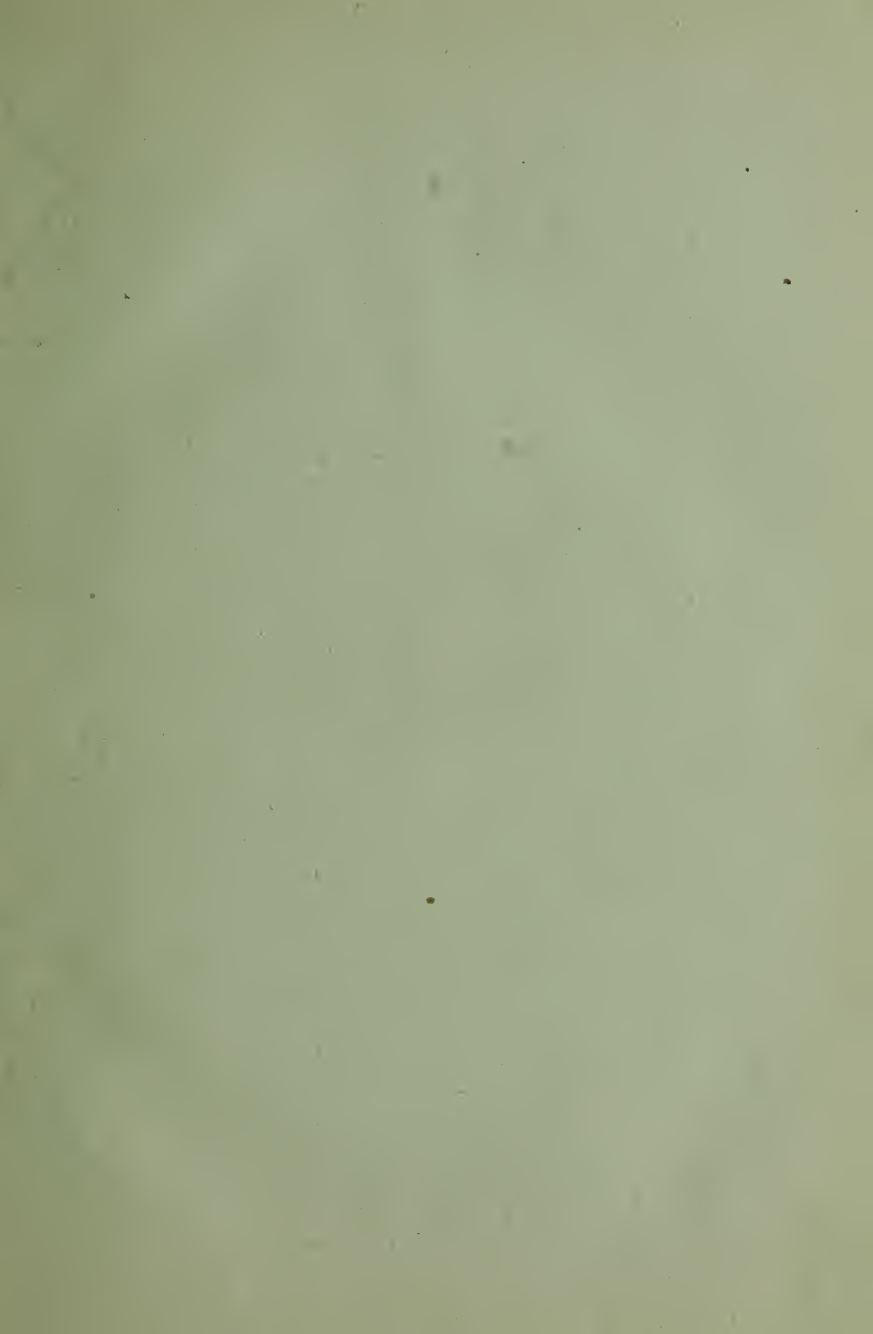




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WALNUT STREET CHURCH.

DEDICATED FEB. 7, 1864.



# HISTORY

—OF—

## WALNUT STREET CHURCH,

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### SKETCHES

OF ITS

Pastors, Elders and Prominent Members,

WITH

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REMINISCENCES OF EVANSVILLE IN  
EARLY TIMES.

by Mary F. Reilly

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EVANSVILLE, IND.,  
THE COURIER CO.,  
1891.

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DEDICATION.

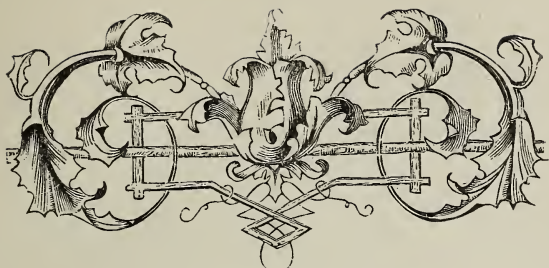
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*To the memory of the friends of long ago,  
and to the members of Walnut Street Church,  
this volume is affectionately dedicated by*

MARY F. REILLY.







## CHAPTER I.

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“The great eventful present  
                                hides the past,  
                                but through the din  
Of its loud life, hints and echoes  
                                of the life behind steal in.”

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IN the address of Moses to the Israelites when he was about to retire to Mount Nebo, which was to be his final resting place, he exhorted them to rightly appreciate the “greatness” of God, who had in mercy brought them, notwithstanding their wanderings and shortcomings, safely thus far, saying “He found him (Israel) in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about; he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye.”

“As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him.” As if to emphasize more forcibly this beautiful and eloquent picture and add additional testimony to his assertions, he said: “Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations:

ask thy father, and he will show thee; thy elders, and they will tell thee." The condition of Israel when found in a desert land might well apply to the state of the church when first found in these western wilds, and the loving and watchful care that has been bestowed upon it finds a simile in the foregoing description.

It is now seventy years since the religious denomination worshipping in the Walnut street church had its first existence, and as there is not now living one of the members of that church, when first formed, we may conclude that by the time its Centennial anniversary arrives there will be none of even the early "fathers" or "elders" to tell of "these days of old." In view of this fact, the writer and compiler of this book, who is probably the oldest person living who remembers any of the particulars respecting this church in its infancy, has thought that a short history might be of interest to some of its present and future members, and offers this little volume as an anniversary greeting to the friends and members of Walnut Street Church with the hope that the history may be continued by some younger person in future years. If the events are recorded as they transpire, much more of interest will be preserved for a future volume than will be found in this, and it is hoped that in ten or fifteen

years from this time some one will be found to have kept a record of the events and progress of the church who will add a second volume of the history of Walnut Street Church.

The circumstances surrounding this church in its earliest formation throw a halo about that event. Those who witnessed its early struggles for existence can remember too well the care and anxiety that filled the minds and hearts of those who were most deeply interested in its welfare. Religion of any kind had seemed to be a secondary consideration with the greater part of the then sparse population, their greatest efforts being required to minister to the temporal wants of their families. Those who had come from other places where they had enjoyed religious privileges had brought their religion with them and made use of it, in a private way, but when it became necessary for it to assume the form of dollars and cents for the public use it took on a new phase, and there were very few who felt that the money could be spared to pay a preacher or build a church.

In the year 1821 the Presbyterian church was organized under the direction of Rev. D. C. Banks, who was at that time pastor of a Presbyterian church in Henderson, Ky. The membership of the church consisted of ten or twelve persons, and as

there was no particular place of worship or stated times appointed for services the church received no additions for a long time. There were occasional meetings in private houses—sometimes in an old log school house on the lower side of Locust street, between First and Second, and sometimes in a small log house located on First street between Oak and Mulberry, which is not now standing; it was removed many years ago to the lot of Mr. Wm. Dean, corner of First and Mulberry streets. This old building was erected for a private residence, but after the Presbyterian church was completed it was fitted up for a Baptist church. An old brick Court House, painted green, with no floor and with “puncheon” seats, was also a place where the faithful assembled to hear the word dispensed. During the week, the doors being left open, sheep and other animals sought shade, or refuge from inclement weather in these sacred precincts. In winter time the luxury of a fire was considered necessary, which was built in a fire-place in the side of the wall, and the audience was often dissolved in tears, weeping, not so much on account of their own sins as for the shortcomings of the brick mason who built the miserable chimney, which sent more smoke through the building and audience than ascended heavenward. The upper part of this Court



House was afterward finished into a comfortable room where the Episcopalians held service and where fairs and shows of different kinds were also held.

The "Apostolic Succession" of the present day would deem it sacrilegious to hold service in a place desecrated by ventriloquists, conjurers and prestidigitators.

A small brick school house was erected on the public square back of what is now 76 Main street. It was built the same year that the first church was, but was finished earlier and meetings were occasionally held in this. The Episcopal church was organized and its first service held in this school house, Bishop Kemper and Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Terre Haute, conducting the meeting.

At this meeting a very amusing incident took place, which was probably not put down in the records of that time, as it would have been impossible to describe it as it appeared. There had been no arrangement made for conducting the singing and it devolved upon the only two men present beside the Clergyman and Bishop to start the tune. Mr. Ira French, who was the only Episcopalian in the town, and Mr. Eperson, of the Methodist church, were the ones who conducted the singing. Mr. French deferred to Mr. Eperson, who started off in

full voice on a short meter tune to the long meter hymn announced. It went very well till the first few words of the hymn were sung, but when the tune came to an end there were still words to sing. Of course it was expected they would stop in such a plight, but nothing daunted they held on to the last note and finished the line and continued on in this manner till three verses were sung. No one laughed and no one cried, but all laughed till they cried when they got out of the school house. Mr. French, on being asked why he continued singing under the circumstances, replied that he had appointed the chorister and he was bound to stand by him until the last. It was certainly the most ludicrous affair that ever happened at an Episcopal service.

Besides the school house there were but three other brick buildings in the place at this time, the Court House and a two-story brick occupied by Mr. Edward Hopkins, the father of Mrs. Chas. Viele; also a two-story brick on Main street, where the old bank now stands. It was occupied by F. E. Goodsell, postmaster, and afterward by Judge Matthew Foster, father of Hon. John W. Foster, of Washington, and of Messrs. Alex., James and Will Foster, of Evansville.



## CHAPTER II.

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To the Rev. Calvin Butler, the people of Evansville were largely indebted for their first church edifice. Mr. Butler belonged to the Vincennes Presbytery, and was appointed to preach occasionally in this place. He urged the building of a church, and though there was but a feeble response at first to his project, with his characteristic courage and energy, he undertook the work of raising the money. There were, at that time, only about three hundred inhabitants, and none of them wealthy. The citizens who were most interested in building the church were Hon. Wm. Olmsted, Messrs. John Shanklin and Alanson Warner, whose wives were prominent members of the church, Mr. Luke Wood and Amos Clark, the latter a leading lawyer at that time, who subsequently removed to Texas.

We find among documents belonging to the church, one which shows that on April 20th, 1831,

a subscription list was started, of which the following is a copy:

### Original Building Subscription.

The undersigned, being desirous to have a Presbyterian Meeting House for Evansville and its vicinity, promise to pay the sums severally annexed to our names, to trustees hereafter to be appointed by the subscribers. Said house to be 30x50 feet, of brick, with its walls 18 feet in height; to have eight windows with forty lights each of glass 10x12 in.; with two doors and a floor jointed, not planed; and a good roof.

Evansville, Ind., April 20th, 1831.

NAMES.	AM'T.	NAMES.	AM'T.
John Shanklin..	\$100.00	Julius Harrison..	5.00
A. Warner.....	50.00	Rich'd Browning	10.00
N. Rowley.....	20.00	Alex. Johnson...	10.00
Calvin Butler...	75.00	Marcus Sherwood	10.00
Luke Wood, (\$25		Archippus Gillett	10.00
cash,\$25 labor)	50.00	Daniel Tool, (in	
Wm.Olmsted(\$25		tailoring) ....	5.00
cash,\$25 labor)	50.00	Jno.W.Duncan,in	
Amos Clark.....	50.00	leather and cash	20.00
David Negley...	25.00	Robert Barnes ..	10.00
James Lewis ....	25.00	Jno. W. Lilleston	3.00
John Mitchel ...	25.00	John Ingle.....	10.00
E. Hull, in labor.	5.00	Levi Price(labor)	10.00
Chas. Fullerton..	5.00	M. D. Robertson	2.50
S. Stevens,saddlery	25.00		

(Not one of the above persons is now living.)

In pursuance of the above subscriptions, a meeting was held, which, by the following official record, organized the enterprise, by election of Trustees.

## ELECTION OF TRUSTEES.

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At a meeting of the subscribers for building a Presbyterian Meeting House in the town of Evansville, at the house of Alanson Warner, on the 23d of April, for the purpose of electing Trustees, in pursuance of subscription, at which meeting David Negley was elected chairman, and James Lewis, secretary, the following persons were chosen Trustees: Amos Clark, Alanson Warner, and William Olmsted.

DAVID NEGLEY, Chairman.  
JAMES LEWIS, Secretary.

Mr. Butler had interested himself so much in the church that he was permitted by the Presbytery to remove his place of residence to Evansville, and the above trustees, knowing that he intended making a visit to the east, hoping in some way to obtain help for building the church, gave him the following commission. The appeal is pathetic, while it shows that nothing but a strong desire to enjoy the comforts and consolations of the Gospel, could in their days of poverty, have caused them to give of their scanty means to such a cause.

## THE COMMISSION.

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Rev. Calvin Butler, Sir:—The undersigned having been appointed trustees for the purpose of procuring and appropriating funds to the building of a Presbyterian Meeting House, in the town of Ev-

ansville, have made the effort to obtain necessary subscription for that purpose, but are satisfied we will not be able to obtain sufficient funds in this vicinity, to accomplish the object. A number of individuals have shown by their subscriptions, the deep interest they feel in the accomplishment of so important a matter. This fact we believe will be equally obvious to others as to ourselves, when they are told that there are subscriptions from fifty to seventy-five dollars, by persons not worth more than from five to eight hundred dollars; yet, with all the exertion we can use, we believe we must fail in the undertaking, unless through your agency, we can procure assistance from some eastern friends. Knowing that you are about to make a journey through the eastern part of the United States, we have thought proper to request and authorize you in such manner, and at such times and places as you may think proper, to solicit assistance for the accomplishment of the before mentioned object. It is not our intention to build an expensive building, but one that will cost between \$1,200 and \$1,500; but even for this small sum we are compelled to solicit the assistance of our more blessed and wealthy friends. The importance of a place of public worship in Evansville will be acknowledged by all who are acquainted with its situation. At this time there is not a convenient or comfortable house in which to worship, in the town or its vicinity—not even a good school house. During the fall, winter and spring, owing to the uncertain and uncomfortable place of meeting, it may emphatically be said, that the cause of Zion mourns, because few attend her solemn feasts. In addition to this, the importance of the situation, both as a landing place for boats upon the Ohio River, the termination of stages, which travel up and down the Wabash River, renders this place a more central and suitable one for

such a building than others between the falls and the mouth of the Ohio River. As there is no other place of equal importance in these two points of view, we therefore hope, if it is consistent with your views, that you will use your endeavors to procure the necessary assistance, and any donation in furtherance of our designs, will be thankfully received and faithfully appropriated.

Evansville, Ind., April, 1831.

WM. OLMSTED,  
A. WARNER.  
AMOS CLARK,

The funds raised by Mr. Butler of friends in the East enabled the Trustees to go forward with the enterprise, and the manner in which Mr. Butler and the donors intended they should be expended, the following receipt found among the church papers conclusively shows:

“Rec’d of Rev. Calvin Butler, Three Hundred Dollars, which we pledge ourselves shall be sacredly appropriated for the purpose of building a Presbyterian Meeting house in the town of Evansville.

AMOS CLARK,	}	Trustees of the Society.
WM. OLMSTED,		
A. WARNER,		

There is also among the church papers a title bond given by John B. Stinson, a Baptist preacher, in which he binds himself to convey to these Trustees the lots upon which the church was built: “In and for the consideration of one hundred dollars,” which at that time was the fair valuation of the property.



There is also the deed itself, by which John B. Stinson actually conveys the property to said Trustees, stating in exact language: "To the Trustees of the Presbyterian church and congregation."

The building contracts specify that the church to be built is to be a "Presbyterian Meeting House." The mason's contract, dated January 14th, 1832, reads as follows:

"It is agreed between Amos Clark, Wm. Olmsted and Alanson Warner, Trustees of the Evansville Presbyterian church and congregation of the one part, and John H. Campbell of the other part as follows, to-wit: The said Trustees agree to furnish brick, lime and sand for building the walls of the Presbyterian Meeting house, in Evansville."

Another contract dated April 17th, 1832, begins as follows:

"Article of agreement between James Ring of the one part, and the Trustees of the Presbyterian church and their successors on the other part, witnesseth that the said Ring agrees to frame the timbers and put on the roof of the Presbyterian Meeting house now building in Evansville;" and the following receipt shows that the brick were also provided:

"Rec'd Evansville, October 26th, 1831, of A. Warner, Trustee, for the Evansville Presbyterian church and congregation in Evansville, one hundred and seventy-seven dollars sixty-two and a half cents, for which I have delivered s'd War-



ner and the other Trustees a kiln of brick, in the town of Evansville, supposed to be 65 thousand, and bind myself to make that amount up by the first day of May next, should they fall short. .

BARNEY CODY."





### CHAPTER III.

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From the foregoing papers it will be seen that the church was fully designed to be a Presbyterian church. When the subscription paper was actually in circulation, those who solicited the donation were instructed by the Trustees to say that when there were no Presbyterian services in the church the use of it by any other Evangelical denomination would be gladly granted, and this promise was fulfilled and no instance can be referred to when it was refused.

For six years after its erection other denominations did use it more than the one to whom it belonged, as after Mr. Butler left, the church was for some years without a regular pastor. This gave rise to the idea, with some, that it was a Union church, which was never the case, except through courtesy and friendly feeling which always prevailed with our pastors towards other denominations. Here is a quotation from a sermon of our

late, well beloved pastor, McCarer, in speaking on the subject: "I remember the words of the Master when he said 'A new commandment, give I unto you that ye love one another.' I wish to dwell in unity with all my brethren in Christ. And I say this more cordially, because in calling to remembrance the former time, there arise before my vision scenes of blessed Christian intercourse, and I love above any mere denominationalism, all who bear the image of the Savior, and are thus members of one spiritual body."

In speaking of the brethren who had frequently occupied the pulpit of his church, he said: "Within these walls our Methodist brethren often met, and we mingled with them our sacrifice of praise and rejoicing."

The venerable Father Wheeler, whom many still remember, also Father Parrett, both godly men, whom everyone honored, had their appointments for months together in this house of worship. These two good men were both English, with a strong Yorkshire accent. Some persons will yet remember the deep, sonorous tones of Father Wheeler's voice when he prayed, as he never forgot to: "Hopen now thy beneficent 'and, hand pour (pronounced power) out thy blessing hupon hus." His manner was so impressive, that one felt the real presence of

Him whom he addressed. He frequently spoke of the Almighty as the great "High Ham." His preaching was sound and spiritual, and his memory is a precious boon.

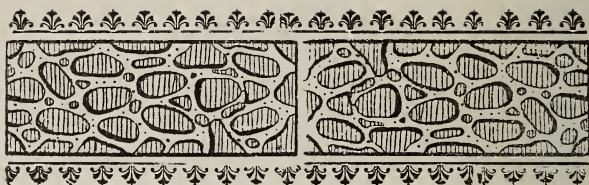
The peaceful and benign face of Father Parrett comes before me as he humbly and modestly rose in the pulpit, and in a quiet voice read from the words of holy writ, and in the same low tone proceeded to read his text, and give the heads and divisions of his subject. As he proceeded, he became more enthusiastic, and in the close of his sermon was truly eloquent. His words were of peace and good will to all.

Then there were the two Baptist brothers, John B. and Benoni Stinson. The voice of the latter, once heard, would never be forgotten. They were good men, but persons of whom it might sometimes be said, that they had more religion than discretion. They were uneducated sons of toil, and the vigorous efforts put forth through the week to fell the trees and till the soil, extended into the services of Sabbath, and while the words of truth and righteousness were delivered in stentorian voice, after the manner of many of the preachers of that day, the gestures were most expressive. The bible was taken up and laid down with great force, and the pulpit pounded with excessive vehemence, which

gave an impressiveness to their sermons, which, to those accustomed to such preaching, was relished and approved. Their religion was genuine, no doubt, for they were highly respected in the community. Devout ministers of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, also often preached in the "Church on the Hill," as it was called, and held their stated congregational meetings there. Rev. Benjamin Hall, one of their best preachers, was always welcomed by all denominations who came to that church to hear him.

The building and completion of a church in those days, was a great event, and the congregation was as proud and happy as they held their first service in this humble edifice, as those who now worship under frescoed ceilings, where the light through memorial and stained glass windows shines upon them.

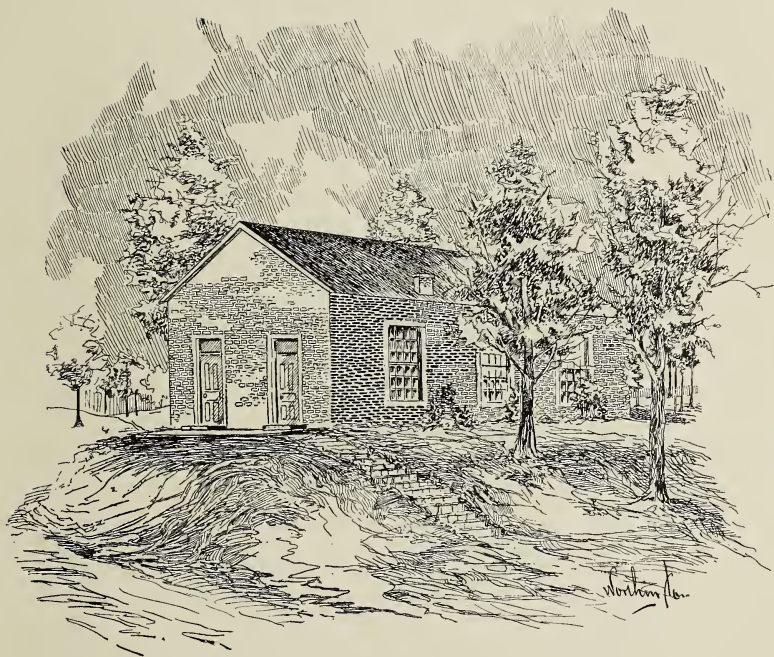




## CHAPTER IV.

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The Church on the Hill stood on the highest elevation in or about the place, being surrounded with forest trees, and as much of the land was low, a good part of the year found the water standing in in pools in all directions, the ground was just a marsh most of the time. Where the Courier building on Second street now stands, was the site of the church, which can scarcely be realized, as the hill has disappeared in the grading of the streets. It was of modest dimensions, 30x50 feet, without the least attempt at ornamentation, and cost \$1,300. The first set of seats were of plank with part of the bark left on them, smoothed off on one side and without backs; large hickory sticks being driven in for legs. After a while these were superseded by plain pine seats, also without backs. The pulpit was a dry goods box covered with green baise. Subsequently seats with backs were introduced and



LITTLE CHURCH ON THE HILL IN 1832.





a plain oblong pulpit took the place of the dry goods box. It was paneled and painted white, and so high that the good man who addressed the congregation was completely obscured from view when he took his seat, and his meditations could not be disturbed by the eyes of anyone being upon him. When he rose up in the pulpit he made a sort of a "Jack-in-the-box" appearance, or, as one of the pastors said, "he seemed to be sending forth missiles of the Gospel from a strong frontier block house," but after a time this pulpit was relieved from duty, and one more sightly filled its place. The edifice was lighted with tallow candles placed in an arrangement made by the tinner, the back of which answered as a reflector, and one was hung at each side of the large windows, where the tallow dripped gracefully upon the window sill, where persons leaned their elbows during service and found their clothing ruined when they went home. The choir occupied the long seats by the side of the pulpit.

The good people of New England had responded to the call for aid, and those who had no money to give, gave some article which they considered a luxury, that they could do without. Articles of jewelry and bead reticules, which had just come into style, costing from \$5 to \$12, were cheerfully given by conscientious women and disposed of for money on

Mr. Butler's return. One of these reticules is still in existence. The whole amount collected in the East was \$300, which with the sum of the subscriptions was not sufficient to clear the church of debt, and then as now the women came to the rescue and through the instrumentality of sewing societies and fairs the money was raised by which the debt was paid. The sewing society was a pleasant feature of those days. The gentlemen became members and paid their initiation fee, some in money, others in articles out of their stores. Mr. Willard Carpenter paid his in ribbon, and there was no end to the pin-cushions, needle-books, fancy aprons, night-caps and genuine good articles that were sold at the fairs. Ready made articles of clothing were kept always on hand for sale at any time, which was a great convenience and furnished quite a revenue. The society was also a benevolent organization. If any one was ill or had sickness in their family the ladies met and sewed for them, making up their family clothing for the season, and if any sick or destitute person came within the knowledge of the society, goods were bought and made up for their families. The society, while helping to pay the debt on the church, assisting the poor and keeping up the current expenses of the church, did not forget the Missionary cause, and in 1837 reached

the point of being able to send \$30.00 to the American Board of Foreign Missions, and in 1839 it sent \$37.50. In 1840 the sum contributed was \$84.94 for which thanks were received and an earnest appeal for a continuance of the interest in the cause. But the calls at home next claimed our attention and the contributions to that cause as a society ceased.

The Episcopalians, who had heretofore been members of the society, formed one of their own and the funds on hand at the time were divided with them.

These were the days of small things. There was very little money in the country at that time. Trade was carried on in a great measure by barter. While no one suffered from want, the "picayunes" were very scarce, and people paid their debts in what they had, if it happened to be anything the creditor needed or could dispose of to advantage. For instance a person would take his pay in hoop-iron, sell it for churns and swap the churns for groceries. Every one had his own garden and raised his own fowls and meat, and then families who raised more vegetables, poultry and grain or had more butter or lard than they could use would join together and load a flat-boat for New Orleans, and after a long, tedious voyage of the boat they would have coffee, sugar and molasses returned to them

for what they had sent. A comfortable living was thus secured, although luxuries were scarce.

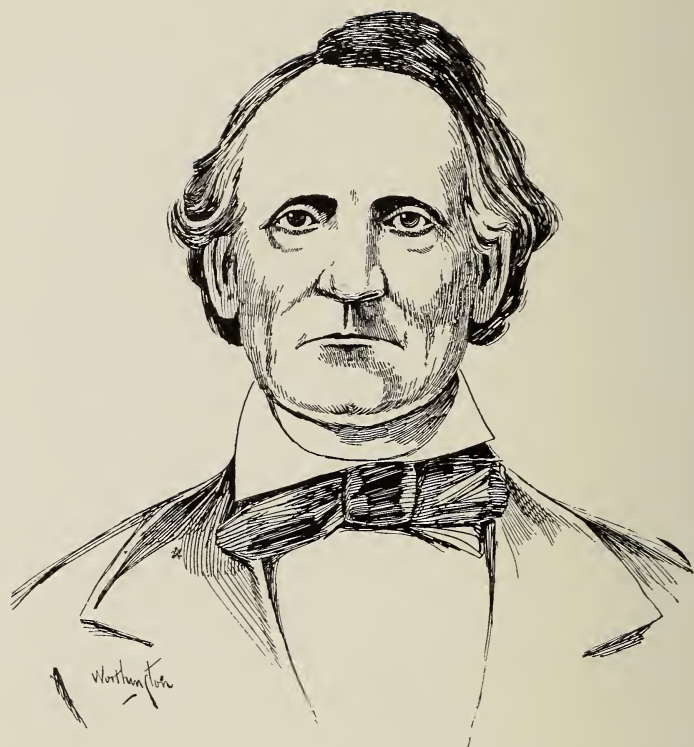
The most serious inconvenience the people suffered was the want of good water, the river water being all that could be obtained till 1835, when the first cistern was built by Mr. Ira French, who had bought the patent-right to build cisterns in this county. The cistern was built for Mr. John Shanklin and held 200 barrels of water, which was considered the greatest luxury ever known in the place.

Before this time the water for drinking and cooking purposes was kept in jars in the cellar to cool and settle. No ice or beer was to be had then either, and no one felt the need of the latter.

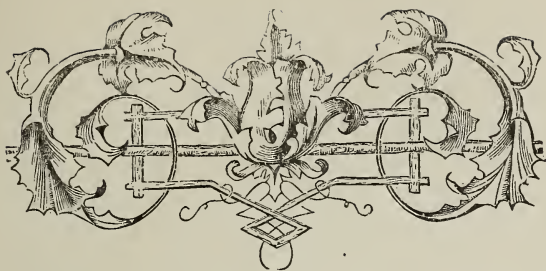
These last few items are mentioned to show the great changes that have taken place in Evansville since that time, also why it seemed a much greater undertaking to build a church then than it does now. One of our citizens gives more now as one subscription than the whole cost of this first Presbyterian church.







REV. CALVIN BUTLER.



## CHAPTER V.

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REV. CALVIN BUTLER,

The first Pastor of the first Church in Evrnsville.

In Chester, Vt., on August 23d, 1827, the Rev. Calvin Butler was married to Miss Malvina French, and soon after started as a missionary to a home in the West. Mr. Butler had finished a College course at Middlebury, Vt., and graduated in Theology at Andover, Mass. Theological Seminary. He was a thorough scholar, reading and translating seven different languages, for which he found but little use in this new country, where even the English language, as then spoken in this region, was almost a new dialect to an educated person. He was a man of uncommon energy and ability to surmount obstacles. When we think of the hardships endured by the early ministers in the West, the anxiety they must have suffered, and compare their

lives with those of the more fortunate ministers of the present day, we may truly think of the latter that "their lines have fallen to them in pleasant places," and that they are "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

At the time Mr. Butler came to the West there was no public conveyance and no regular stage routes in the direction he wished to come, so he and his wife were obliged to make the journey in a carriage of their own, bringing their baggage with them, which consisted of only their clothing and a library of valuable books, which, through much tribulation, they managed to bring safely. The journey occupied nine weeks and some parts of it was through forests where the trees were only blazed to show the way, as there was not travel enough to make a road, and often they were obliged to hew their way through the forests where the trees had been blown down across the road, which rendered it impassable. Reared amid the comforts and luxuries of a New England home, the wife of this missionary had known nothing of hardships, but bravely she bore the trip. She was known to say that she shed tears but once in all these long nine weeks, which the journey occupied, and that was once when her husband was chopping the way through the woods. It was growing late and the



fear of not reaching a place of safety before dark made her nervous, as at that time, the forests were not safe from wild beasts.

The field of labor to which Mr. Butler was appointed on his first coming to the West comprised the two towns of Vincennes and Princeton, preaching alternately every two weeks at one of these places. His residence being at Princeton he was obliged to make the trip to Vincennes on horseback through all kinds of bad weather and bad roads such as are found in new countries. He belonged to the Vincennes Presbytery, and after preaching for three years in the above named places he was appointed by that body to preach in Evansville, to which place he removed with his family. He bought a small tract of land, about twelve acres, one mile from the center of town on the Princeton road, where the first County asylum was afterward built, and with his own hands, almost entirely, he erected for himself a comfortable house. With cultivating his few acres of land, keeping his own cow and poultry he managed with a very small salary from the Missionary society and very slim contributions from the people, to make a comfortable living.

Mr. Butler seemed particularly adapted to the position in the new country, of establishing and encouraging churches in whatever new field he labored.

He was cheerful and hopeful under all discouragements that came in his way. He was never known to make an engagement that was not promptly fulfilled, and he spent hours in labor while others were taking their ease. Industrious habits and punctuality were strong features in his character. He educated one of his sons at Crawfordsville College, Hon. John M. Butler, of Indianapolis. He had also another son, Anson R. Butler, who lives in De Witt, Iowa.

In 1834 Mr. Butler was appointed to take charge of a church at Washington, Ind., to which place he removed, and to his clerical duties he added those of a school he established, which at that time was considered the best in the state. He was much beloved and respected by his church and congregation. A few years later he moved to Boonville, Warrick county, Ind., where he also did a good work. From this place his excellent and lovely wife was called to a better home. Her life had been all that a Christians should be, kind and gentle, desiring more the comfort and pleasure of those around her than her own, visiting the sick, bringing words of consolation to the afflicted, cheering every one with her presence wherever she went; a pure and useful life was exchanged for a blessed immortality.

Mr. Butler, in due course of time, formed a union with another excellent woman, Miss Catherine Smith, of Boonville, and with his family removed again to a place without a church, a small town not far from St. Louis, where his last work was to assist in establishing a church. After ten more years of faithful and successful service he passed to his reward.

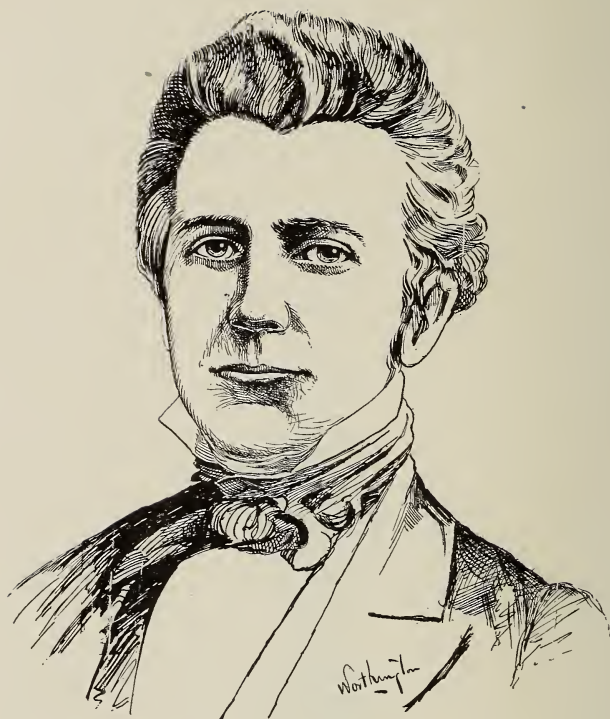
REV. MR. M'AFEE,

After the year 1834 the church enjoyed, temporarily, the preaching of Rev. Mr. McAfee, who was at the same time laboring in Henderson, preaching there alternately every two weeks. He was a young man who had just entered the ministry. He preached excellent sermons, full of fire and pathos. Life was fresh and bright to him and the way to peace and happiness seemed easy and delightful. The experience of after years may have made a change in his views. He may have found that there were obstacles in the way of a perfect life of which he had never dreamed, and perhaps he found some system of theology by which these obstacles could be overcome. But a knowledge of his history closed when his labors here ended. He seemed a devout Christian, was a pleasant social companion and was highly esteemed as a minister of the gospel. His home was Elkton, Ky., and all efforts to hear from

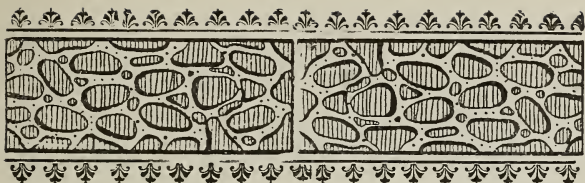
him have proven futile. He has probably fulfilled his life's mission and "rests from his labors." More than fifty years have elapsed since he was in Evansville and it is doubtful if anyone but the writer now remembers him. Will any one remember those of us who are now here, fifty years hence?







REV. JEREMIAH R. BARNES, IN 1836.



## CHAPTER VI.

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It will give the reader pleasure to find an account of the pastorate of the second minister of this church in his own words. The days of his life having been prolonged more than a decade past the "three-score years and ten," being at this time 82 years of age, a hearty, well preserved man, vigorous in intellect and a living example of one who has kept the commands of God, to whom the promise was given, "that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God hath given thee."

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REV. JEREMIAH R. BARNES.

"In the fall of 1836 I landed with my wife in Evansville, to spend the Sabbath, not knowing any one or whether we should find any preaching there. We were on our way to Illinois to meet the expectations of a friend and supply an open field there. I preached on the Sabbath in the little brick church built on the only hill in Evansville, about fifteen feet above the level, and then the only house of

worship in the place, and indeed the only one nearer than Princeton, a distance of twenty miles. The most notable thing about this little church was the largeness of its windows, as if the light of the sun and the free breezes were to be its first if not its best endowment. The pulpit was a large dry goods box, behind which I stood; the seats without cushions and with only a stay for the shoulders, which were better calculated to keep the hearers awake than the preachers voice. The singing was more sincere and devout than artistic. But the people seemed bright and interested in my sermon and met me at the close of the services with cordiality and we were soon no longer strangers. Learning who we were and that we had come West to grow up with the people and do good as we found opportunity, they urged us to cast in our lot with them. The sisters soon gathered around my wife and found that she had to a large extent the chief glory of womanhood, the power to make warm friends and keep them. The simple sincerity of her piety, the largeness of her faith, together with her bright intelligence gained the confidence and co-operation of all.

“The place at that time was indulging in large expectations of growth and prosperity from the canal which was in progress and was to terminate



there. The population at that date was supposed to be something over 2,000. The back country was good, heavily timbered but not well settled.

"There seemed to be lawyers and doctors enough for a large city, their range for practice was wide and all seemed to have enough to do, the roads in winter being anything but inviting. My first knowledge of Corduroy roads was gained from one leading to Stringtown, which place had the advantage of being on a hill and not in a valley, but not out of the mud, as the clay sub-soil found its way easily on top in wet weather and made the boot-black a desirable institution.

"The cause of education was mostly in the hands of the good Elder Chute, who was for some years the chief, if not the only pedagogue. I was for some time the only resident minister except Brother Parrett and Brother Wheeler, local Methodist preachers, good Englishmen who did valuable service in the early days. The little brick church had now become the gathering place for all denominations, who took turns in edifying the people. Brother Hunter, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister, was known as the chief "Son of Thunder," and when he came all felt the need of larger quarters. He was a grand camp meeting preacher and made the woods resound.

"It was not long before other denominations found places for regular worship and left us in full possession of the church. 'Old Aunt Jenny,' a slave from Virginia, was the sexton and the only colored person in the place. She did very well, only when the long stove pipe swayed out of line and sprung a leak then her white eyes and teeth showed her in trouble. The pulpit that followed the dry goods box was a primitive model and would bear all the pounding that Brother Hunter could give it and afforded a good deal of "stomping" ground. The Sunday school, after the varied experiences common to new places, fell into the hands of Brother Conrad Baker, and prospered fairly well.

"About the time of my coming to Evansville the strife and controversies between the old and new school in the Presbyterian church were at their height. As I had just come from New Haven I was suspected of the New School heresy. Some of the fathers in the Vincennes Presbytery took sides against me, and without any trial of my opinions, declared the pulpit at Evansville vacant and sent a brother to notify the church and order the Trustees to turn me out. He came, was politely treated and when he had fulfilled his mission he left. The earthquake only induced a little smoke which soon passed away. The older members, those who had

built the church and paid all that had been paid on it, still declared me their pastor—that my dismissal had been without a hearing and unconstitutional and that no change should be made, and directed the sexton to open the doors and I preached as usual. Whatever belief or doctrine I held to be true, the Trustees and Elders agreed that they corresponded with theirs, and the church was declared New School.

“The next season I went to the Salem Presbytery and was cordially received, and they sent a brother to install me in 1838. There were a few persons who had only been in the place a short time and joined the church, who held what were called Old School views who were dissatisfied with the state of things, and they in due time secured an organization of their own, which seemed at the time quite unnecessary, but the rapid growth of the city has developed the fact that their services have been needed and that they have accomplished more good work than could have been done by one church alone however united. Since the action of the General Assembly we rejoice to feel that the chasm has disappeared across which the Old and New School shook hands. I had not been long in the city before I discovered many evidences that the laws of social morality had not been strictly regarded. The

socialism and infidelity at New Harmony had scattered the seeds of evil like thistle down into every neighborhood, and many of the most influential men of the region had given their example on the wrong side. I felt that the Gospel of the Seventh commandment was eminently needed to save the foundations of society and all the best interests of Christian civilization. I gave previous notice that I would preach on the subject. Many of my friends feared that I was stepping on a magazine that would let me down and destroy my influence. The house was crowded, but the women of the church were none of them present. The worst element of the place made a request that I would preach the same sermon again the next Sabbath, and had planned to break up the meeting.

"I consented to preach. I went to some of the most influential ladies and told them the cause was their cause and that I needed their presence and sanction. A goodly number came the next Sabbath, and to a full house I repeated all I had said before and with greater force. There was not a ripple of disturbance, but profound attention to the end. Some were asked why they did not carry out their programme. They said "they did not see any place where they could begin." One of my best friends, a graduate of Yale College, said that if

President Dwight were present to preach on such a subject he might do some good, but for a young man just from the Seminary it was a hazardous undertaking. But I concluded that as Dr. Dwight was not there and I was, duty called me to do the best I could. I felt that I could appeal safely to men who had enjoyed early religious training in other lands and to the scions of old Puritan stock. I referred them to the dear homes that gave them birth, to protect the sacred honor of their family and give their influence and practice in favor of all that is noble and pure in life. I have always rejoiced that I had the faithfulness to speak the right word at the right time leaving all the results with God, which were, as far as known, very satisfactory. Other ministers echoed the trumpet I had sounded, and the best public opinion was henceforth on the side of social virtue.

"After our Methodist brethren had completed their church, the noted John Newland Maffit came and held a revival meeting, and by his eloquence gathered into their fold over two hundred, and in two years time there were but two persons who remained in the church, all having joined on probation, giving evidence of being true Christians by a better life, and it was seen that these persons had been regular attendants on divine worship and un-

der bible instruction. The Cumberland brethren were devoted and full of zeal, and by their camp meetings and occasional preaching in town and at other places, had a measure of success.

"Brother Laman of the Episcopal church was a devoted Christian and soon succeeded in securing a good church and congregation. As population increased the cause of education became more important. Several good teachers had met with success. As my second wife had been a successful teacher in a Seminary, I was encouraged to build a house which would accomodate my little family and afford room for a school for young ladies. This was done, and many pupils will remember through life the gentle ways of their teacher, her earnest morals and religious instructions. It was a difficult matter for her to take the place of the first Mrs. Barnes in the hearts of the people, but she did so and formed many life long friendships that will be renewed and grow brighter in Heaven.

"In time Public schools were established which made private enterprise less important except in the departments of higher education for which the Colleges and Seminaries of the land provide. It was always gratifying to us to feel that we were sowing the seed and laying foundations in our new and great country that God would sooner or later em-

ploy for His own glory and the triumph of his Kingdom. We had all the compensation we expected in the days of comparatively small things. I was settled on a salary of \$600, which, though not fully paid, proved enough with hard work and economy to meet our necessities and left some property we bought at a low figure, which at the end of the nine years, when we left Evansville, had risen much in value. I have been rejoiced to hear from time to time of the Church, where I began my first labors, and of the growth of the city. Very few of my early friends and fellow-workers are left to thank God for what they see and to pray for greater things to come. But, Oh, the joy when we shall join the dear ones gone before! 'and see how the little one has become a thousand and a small one a strong nation.'"

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The above account of the pastorate of the Rev. J. R. Barnes is full and preserves a record of some of the most important events that ever occurred in the Church. His ministry was very successful, turning the tide of public opinion decidedly against vice in all its forms and giving it a check it had never before received. Card playing and drinking had no longer any open defenders among those who indulged in these practices, and people were willing to listen to sermons against these evils.



Mr. Barnes was born in Southington, Conn., and was a graduate of Yale College, and studied for the ministry at the same College. Mrs. Barnes, who came to Evansville with her husband, lived only about a year after coming to the place and left one son, Charles S. Barnes, now of Chicago, partner in the well known publishing house of A. S. Barnes & Co.

All that Mr. Barnes says of his wife is true, and much more that is good might be said. As she is remembered, she was a perfect type of excellence, combining all the good qualities of her who "sat at Jesus feet," with the best traits of the sister "who was careful about many things," though the cares of life never gave her any trouble—the privations and inconveniences of a new country never disturbed her placid and happy disposition. Her duties, of which she had many, were all dilligently performed and seemed a pleasure to her. Her religion was of an exalted kind, she seemed to find Heaven upon earth, every act of her life savored of grace, and she was well prepared for the Heavenly home to which she was so soon to be called.

The building occupied as a Seminary which Mr. Barnes built, stands on the corner of Chestnut and Third, and is the house now occupied by Mrs. Gillison Maghee.

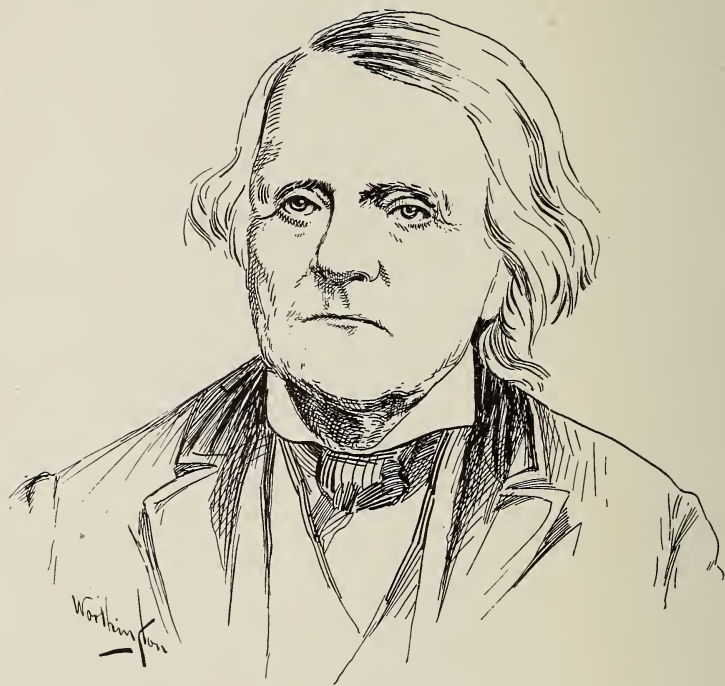
Leaving Evansville, Mr. Barnes, beloved and respected by all who knew him, sought another field of labor in Minnesota, where he organized several churches and was also influential in establishing a College under the patronage of a church he had founded.

After living twenty-six years in Minnesota he retired from active service and made his home in Marietta, Ohio, with his relatives and friends. At this place he celebrated his Golden wedding. Shortly after he was bereaved of his excellent companion, and in 1890 returned to Evansville and married one of his former parishioners, Mrs. Eliza T. Drew, who had been for many years a prominent and honored member of Walnut Street Church. There is something a little romantic and also pathetic in the union of these friends of long ago. Their home in childhood was in New Haven, Conn. The middle of their life was spent in Evansville, and after being widely separated for years they returned to the home of their younger days, and as the shades of evening seemed to gather over their pathway of life, the old time friends united their destinies, determined to cheer and encourage each other till the end of their journey, where the reward of an earnest and useful life will fall to the lot of each.

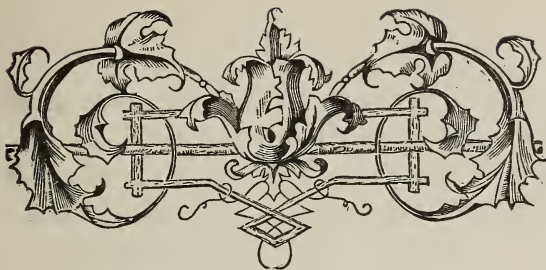
The marriage of the venerable couple was celebrated at Walnut Street Church in the presence of many witnesses and warm friends, and was probably the most memorable wedding that has ever taken place there, owing to the advanced age of the couple, the groom having two years before passed the fourscore mile-stone, and the bride being but a few years his junior. Mr. and Mrs. Barnes now reside in Marrietta, Ohio, where they expect to pass their remaining days. Borne safely on the stream of time past all the storms and quicksands of life they peacefully await the summons to the haven of Heavenly rest.







JUDGE WILLIAM OLMSTED.



## CHAPTER VII.

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This history of the church would not be complete without mention being made of some of its prominent members. There were some of the loveliest type of Christian men and women in the church in its earliest days, that through the period of more than half a century, it has ever been the writers privilege to know. In saying this it may also be said that the mantle of these good people has fallen on some of those who now occupy the places they once filled and no greater inheritance on earth could be desired than they possess.

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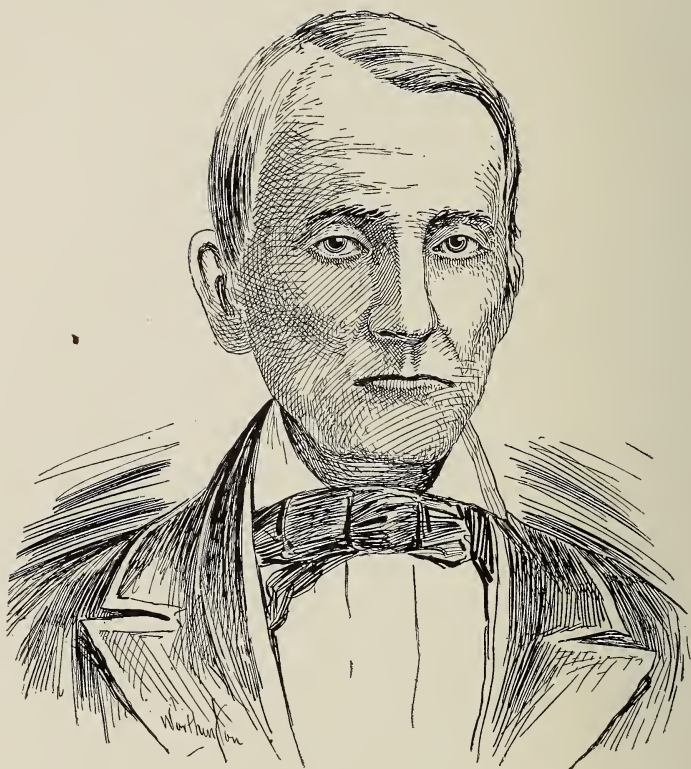
JUDGE WILLIAM OLMSTED,  
Of Honored and Blessed Memory.

His name was for many years a household word in all the families where he was known. He was one of the earliest settlers in this country, having come here in 1817. He was an old man in 1834,

and the writer can never forget the cordial greeting he gave to the new comer to a Western home. He was an educated man, was born in the state of New York, and with his talents and piety he was a host in this new country. He was Judge of the Court, and his opinion on all matters of interest was sought and it had a powerful influence. He was an Elder in the church for many years, and he was foremost in every thing that was for the good of the community in which he lived. On coming to the country he took up a large tract of Government land on Pigeon Creek and built a primitive double log-cabin, which was always a pleasant and desirable place to visit. His wife was an old-time gentlewoman and an excellent wife, who "looketh well to the ways of her household." and the royal cheer of that hospitable home was a great attraction as well as the genial welcome that was extended by the old Judge to his numerous friends. His pleasant stories of early times in these Western wilds were a source of great enjoyment to his young listeners to whom he was always particularly agreeable. His descendants may well be proud of their venerable ancestor. He died in 1865.







MR. DANIEL CHUTE.

DANIEL CHUTE,

Elder of Walnut Street Church.

"Father Chute," as he was familiarly called, was another of the faithful who deserves to be mentioned. His daily walk and conversation was such as to make him honored and remembered by all who knew him.

Mr. Daniel Chute was the first Elder of the church and was a man of small stature, but like Daniel of old, though not called upon to encounter a den of lions, his courage at one time was brought forth in such a way as to make him ever after renowned for bravery with those who knew the circumstances in which he was placed.

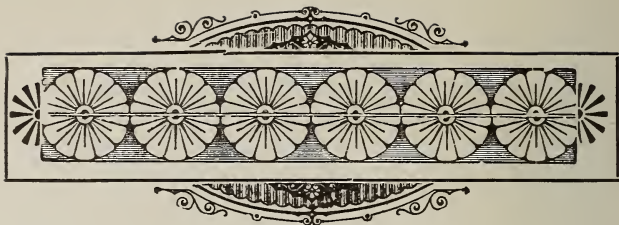
At the time of the division of the Presbyterian church into Old and New school, 'Father Chute,' as an Elder, attended the Vincennes Presbytery, and in the language of a beloved pastor, the incident is given: "To question the Presbyterianism of Daniel Chute was like questioning the Presbyterianism of John Calvin himself. Mr. Chute loved the doctrines of the church and loved the polity of the church, and when the Vincennes Presbytery turned its rebuke upon him it was not for heresy—it dared not do that—it was for not approving the excinding act of 1837 and because he was not willing to accord with the almost unanimous vote of the Presbytery

thanking the great Head of the church that the once united church in our land was divided." In the face of all this opposition he dared boldly to stand up in defence of his own principles, which at this late day and in view of the reunion that has since taken place shine out in their true light. With a prophetic eye he saw without doubt the harsh and unkind feelings such a separation among old time friends might engender, and his kind heart rebelled against such estrangement, and the wisdom of his judgement and right feeling in this matter will always be respected and approved. It is to be hoped that the brotherhood will never again be disturbed by such dissension and we shall see how these Christians "love one another."

This good man, like Eli of old, had his trials. His example was always all that it should have been before his family, gentle and kind and in the simplicity of his heart and true faith he dedicated his children to God with implicit faith that He to whom he confided all his dearest interests would in His own good time gather them into his fold. With the memory of that blessed father they ought, with grateful hearts for such a parent, to devote the remaining days of their life to the service of Him whom their father loved and served. His daughters were exemplary women. His youngest, Miss

Charlotte Chute, married Governor Baker, who was a prominent member of Walnut Street Church. 'Father Chute' for many years led the choir and, though time somewhat changed the melody of his voice, he always pitched the tune, and he is without doubt singing with the Seraphs to-day.





## CHAPTER VIII.

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REV. A. E. LORD,

The Rev. Mr. Lord took charge of the church in 1848 and remained until 1849.

He was a young man, earnest and faithful and very ambitious to see the church prosperous and he knew enough of human nature and the world at large to know that success was sure to attend even the appearance of prosperity, and it was through his influence that the little primitive church on the Hill was improved. The particular object which he seemed most desirous to accomplish was the removal of the gable-end of the church and extending its dimensions, but for some reason, probably the want of funds, the church was only remodeled in the interior. The portico was prefixed and the small belfry with a neat spire surmounting it. A bell was introduced and, sixteen years after the erection of the building

"The sound of the Church going bell  
These valleys and rocks never heard."

now rung out in silvery tones, calling the people to the worship of the living and true God. The taking out of the gable-end of the church which Mr. Lord so devoutly desired, was reserved for the good Pastor McCarer's day. In 1851, the church then being quite too small to accommodate the growing congregation, it was extended twenty-nine feet, and the little gallery occupied by the choir was introduced, which increased the capacity of the church in a very satisfactory manner.

Rev. Mr. Lord preached very fine sermons, he was a thorough student and gave most of his time to his books. His visits, as a pastor, were not considered as necessary by him as good, strengthening, spiritual food for his congregation. His placid countenance showed peace of mind and contentment, the world never failed to look bright to him. This conclusion was arrived at by the fact that whenever he made a visit he never failed to make the same remark. After greeting his friends in the usual manner, he always said: "It's a very fine day to-day" this he was known to have said when it was even raining. His mind always seemed to be upon subjects on which he failed to speak in social intercourse; in other words he was absent minded, but his sermons indicated thought and study which were highly creditable to him. His ministrations were

rewarded by the interest taken in improving the church, and the additions to its number of members during his stay, which was only about one year. He removed to New York and very little is since known of him, except that like the man in the old times who was bidden to a feast and could not come, he had "married a wife."

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REV. SAMUEL K. SNEED,

Rev. Samuel K. Sneed became pastor of the church in 1846, remaining until 1848.

He was an earnest and faithful preacher, never failing to declare the whole counsel of God in no unmistakable terms, telling the sinner and reprobate what would become of them if they did not make haste to "flee from the wrath to come." He quoted his Master's words to them, calling them a "generation of vipers," "children of the devil." He could describe all the wicked feelings of the human heart, more perhaps than a great many of the people in his church ever heard about or experienced. In fact he had a very poor opinion of human nature generally. His sermons made an impression upon the hearer that could never be forgotten. There was more that could be remembered in them than in most discourses one hears. He was careful to impress everyone with the idea that the soul of a



rich man was of no more value in the sight of God than that of a poor man, and the oft repeated text, "your sin will find you out," went straight to the conscience of the hearer.

His explanation of faith was new and impressive. The Christians faith he compared to a man walking in the dark with a lantern. It did not give him light beyond a certain distance. When that point was reached the light still shone as far beyond as it had done before. So the person who walks by faith just goes by the light given him from above, knowing that for all his journey his light will be sure, guiding his footsteps as he needs it till he reaches his home in Heaven.

In the lives of good and pious men there are sometimes amusing incidents, and the reader will perhaps excuse the relation of such a one, as this book is not purely a religious one. Mr. Sneed was a man of uncommonly nervous temperament and he sometimes found himself in circumstances where it was exceedingly hard to control his nervousness. A very funny incident occurred one Sabbath during service, which will illustrate how much one may suffer from that cause. During the service a dog, which had perhaps followed his country owner to church, remained outside, and as time seemed to pass wearily to him waiting for his master, he be-

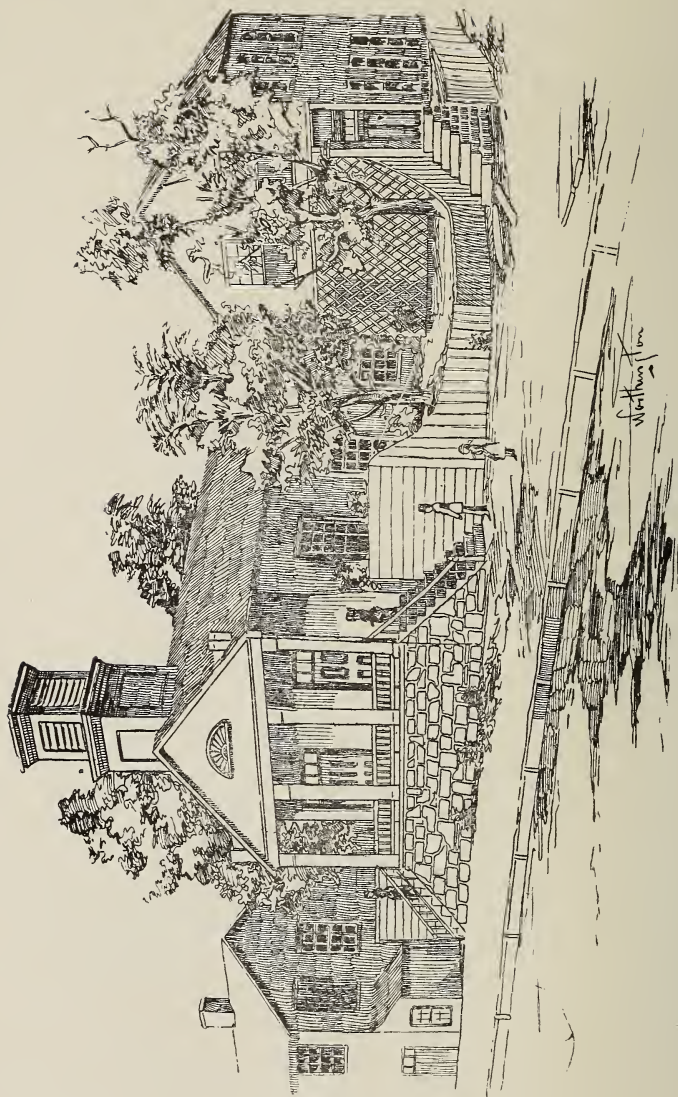


gan to bark in a most furious manner. The parson's face grew red—and redder. He cleared his throat and used his handkerchief in a most sonorous manner and seemed to lose the thread of his discourse, and as he found himself less and less able to recover from the annoyance, he said: "Brother Orr will you please see if any arrangement can be made for the accommodation of that dog."

The good brother went down the aisle in the most quiet manner possible, and whether he read the riot act or the commandments to the dog or not we never knew. The noise, however, subsided and the excitement ceased.

Mr. Sneed had been reared in affluence in a slave state, and the close economy and comparatively straightened circumstances of an Indiana preacher were very unsuited to his taste or requirements. He was really a pious man, but he often confessed with sorrow that he was obliged to wage a continual warfare with the old natural self that was still in him. He was an excellent pastor, sympathizing with the afflicted, dispensing the consolations of religion to the sick and distressed at all times and seasons.





CHURCH ON THE HILL AND SCHOOL HOUSE IN 1849



## CHAPTER IX.

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REV. WM. H. M'CARER.

The next minister who filled the pulpit of the "Little Church on the Hill" was the Rev. W. H. McCarer. He continued to be a most acceptable pastor for eighteen years and a half, and as all his words now seem to those who knew and loved him "like apples of gold in pictures of silver," a sermon of his appears on the next page, which was delivered in the First Avenue Church after he dissolved his connection with the Walnut Street Church, and it was afterward repeated by request in the church of which he had formerly been pastor.

"This discourse reviews his thirty years service in this city and is replete with reminiscences of great interest to the reader and is full of pathetic reflections."

SERMON BY REV. W. H. McCABER.

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Also, now, behold, my witness is in Heaven, and my record is on high  
—[Job 16; 19.]

On the last Saturday evening of the month of October, 1840, with my wife and three children, I landed at your wharf; and on the next morning, 28th day of October, the Sabbath, began my public ministry, as pastor-elect of the old Presbyterian Church, whose edifice was called then by the old residents, by the various epithets: "Church in the Woods," "Church on the Hill," and "Little brick Church," occupied a site on Second street, where are now located the offices of the Demokrat and Courier. It was still "on the Hill," but the street was graded some ten feet below, so that the place of worship was reached by flights of stairs on either side, admitting you to a pillared portico, which was surmounted by a pretty spire, neither of any special pretensions, and yet giving some conspicuousness to this temple of the Lord.

As our boat neared the wharf, the sun had just hidden itself beneath the crimson West, and the bell of the little spire was chiming its evening call, and, to the question of my young wife, "what bell is



REV. WM. H. MCCARER.



that?" my answer was, "that is our bell calling the choir together for rehearsal."

I wish I could give the history of that choir.\*

By invitation of the church I had spent some three weeks in the city in the spring of the year, which visit led the church to extend me a call to become its permanent pastor, the delay to entering immediately upon my work being determined by prudential considerations connected with the health of my family.

There is a popular impression that the time of my coming here marked my ordination to the ministry. This is not so; for six years and a half previously "I dwelt among mine own people," constituting one of the strongest rural congregations within the boundaries of the Philadelphia Presbytery.

It may not be amiss here to say that the correspondence which resulted in my settlement in the West was carried on by Ex-Governor Baker. My name had been suggested to the church by the distinguished Albert Barnes, whom I had known from

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\*It is deserving of mention that it was then, and for years after, under the conduct of the late Col. C. K. Drew, of the old Exchange, on Lower First street; where, in its then seemingly spacious Dining Room, nearly all the Churches of the city, through the generosity of "mine host," held numerous festivals and concerts.

Colonel Drew's son was then quite young, but presided over the Melodeon, and for years after entering the larger edifice, he was Church organist. For services during the war he was brevetted, and is now known as his father was, as Colonel C. K. Drew, being still, with his accomplished wife, members of the Church and efficient members of the Choir. Thirty years in this good service of the Sanctuary.



my youth, and who recommended me to the church.

Governor Baker was the first man to take me by the hand when I stepped upon the shore of your city, inviting me to his humble cottage—still standing in its simplicity, but the flowers and woodbine gone with her who twined them and made it a home of beauty. There I ate my first meal, being subsequently entertained by Mr. Sumuel Orr and his excellent family. These two men—I name it with pride and gratitude—were among my first friends, and they have been among the firmest and best friends I ever expect to have on earth.

Well do I remember the smiles of that beautiful Sabbath morning, that, together with the smiles of my people, gave me a welcome to my work. This work began by making my way first to the Sabbath School, where I announced to the children that I had come to be their pastor, and then, afterward, to the general congregation, where I delivered my inaugural discourse from the text: “For I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified,” and here, after these many checkered years, I find myself meditating the inquiry that has protruded itself a thousand times—“Have I been faithful to my avowal and my pledge? Have I sought to know, among the people of this city, nothing but Jesus and Him cru-

cified?" As I ponder the simple but momentous question, I am silent, remembering that God only knows—that the One only infallible witness is in Heaven—that the only infallible record is on high.

It were natural, and if there were time, it would be interesting to dwell upon what the city then was, its dimensions, its appearance, and this in contrast with its present showing.

It was then a city of perhaps less than 6,000 inhabitants. It was seemingly "in transitu," and from being a somewhat pretentious village, with some little notoriety, was stepping forward to challenge a place among the stalwart cities of the State. Its proportions and weight were very modest. It had a quadrisected square, at one intersection of which was a little green Court House, at another a wooden jail building with its annexed Sheriff's residence (Mr. Terry its occupant.) Opposite the Court House was a diminutive market house and just as diminutive a school edifice, and the remaining fourth, where the Court House now stands, was, I think, the resort or stand for country wagons.

Our noble wharf—with no superior along the whole Ohio's length—was just completed, the grading of the contiguous streets in progress. Telegraphic communication, I think, had just been established with Louisville, and as yet a novelty.

There was no railroad, but the construction of one I think, to Mt. Carmel via Princeton, was enthusiastically discussed. But the consummation most devoutly wished for of all things was the canal; that was to make all things new and particularly great, and our city metropolitan. There was but one railroad in all the State, from Madison to Indianapolis.

If we except the old warehouse on Water street, below Pine, there were but three buildings at all conspicuous. The State Bank, still standing on Main street, and the then imposing brick residence of Hon. Willard Carpenter, not fully completed, and with a deep slough between it and the main portion of the city; and that now known as Barnes' residence on Water street, contiguous to Sunset Park. These large buildings, at that time among the humble dwellings and cottages around, had a very formidable appearance.

The city was indeed of contracted and indefinite extent. There was but little of it beyond Third and Fourth streets from the river. Where you now go to the depot of the E. & T. H. R. R., you then went to the country, although very near to the now depot, stood the folly and failure, entitled at that time, "The Bull's Head Tavern," in that part of the city entering upon Main, and a few blocks there-

upon I still meet with old "land marks," but practically, I can say I have seen the whole city rebuilt and built. Of the old part the then old buildings have given place to new, and where there was nothing, we have now either massive buildings for commerce and manufacturing, palatial homes or multitudinous cottages. The church buildings were all small and of simple style. The most pretentious so far as an attempt at church architecture proper is concerned, was the building known as Viele Hall. And there were only eight of these plain structures—one of them only still used for divine worship, though greatly transformed—St. Paul's Episcopal Church, corner of First and Chestnut streets.\* I now call to mind twenty-eight new church edifices that have been dedicated to public worship since my coming, and in the consecration of not a few of which I have taken some formal or iuformal part.

Only two clergymen beside myself, who were here in 1849, are here now. Rev. J. V. Dodge had just then dissolved his connection with the Vine Street Church, of which he was the first and for some ten years the very acceptable pastor. Rev. J. A. Saupert, of the German Lutheran Church is the oldest resident pastor in Evansville. He was on the ground when I came.

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\*Where this church stood is now a new and elegant church.—1891.

A few words as to the then state of religion and the work of evangelism and reform at that early date.

The church of which I became pastor, now the Walnut Street Church, was small in numbers, perhaps not more than thirty actual members, but a most sterling and faithful nucleus to commence with. The church had been in existence twenty-eight years. We had, with the church and congregation, such men as Ex-Governor Baker, John Shanklin, Dr. Wilcox, Dr. Morgan, Daniel Chute, Judge Olmsted, Dr. Lindley, Myron Safford, Alan-son Warner, General James E. Blythe, J. H. Maghee, Judge Battell and Judge Matthew Foster.

It is the impression that the last few years have been marked by a surprising breaking down of denominational prejudices. Yet I bear witness of no such prejudice when I came among the Christian people of Evansville. I found confiding Christian sympathy in all the denominations, and there was earnest co-working on the part of all. Practically, the feeling was, "let us help one another."

This was exhibited in a marked degree in social and religious gatherings and entertainments at which, so general was the gathering together, that no matter which church spread the banquet, it was a puzzle to know which was the most fully repre-

sented by its good people. Christians then made common cause with one another. You "beheld how good and how pleasant it was for brethren to dwell together in unity."

There was an epoch in the temperance work thirty years ago. A large part of the sterling men of the city were active "Sons of Temperance," holding at the time very live meetings. The youth of the city were organized into "Cadets of Temperance." Foremost amongst the earnest promoters of these youthful clans was the late John Ingle, Jr., president of E. & C. R. R. Popular monthly meetings were held, with never a lack of speakers, in the old Locust Street Church, and in my own, where the enthusiasm was often hardly less than is now witnessed in our Red Ribbon Halls. How I should love to have the walls of old Locust Street re-echo the fiery eloquence that thundered from some of the Nestros of that day!\*

Nor was there a lack of zeal in Sunday School work. The ideal school of to-day throws the school

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\*As an evidence that, at an early date, the friends of temperance had some earnestness and not a little pluck, it is worthy of commemoration that on an election day, the friends of one of the candidates procured a barrel of whisky, and knocking in the head and supplying a suitable supply of tin cups, advertised to the free voters in general and the friends of their candidate in particular that there was not only a supply of tickets but of free whisky, also, John Ingle, Jr., the moment he heard it, declared that that thing should not be, and, forthwith started for the barrel, and with the help of a friend or two, emptied its contents upon the ground amid the plaudits of the friends of temperance, and the anger and chagrin of its enemies.

of former years into insignificance, but twenty-six or twenty-eight years ago in this city a larger proportion of the children of outsiders were in our schools than are to be found there to-day. I know what I say.

For several years monthly meetings were held, and by a system practically carried out, committees semi-annually canvassed the whole city with the intent to bring the very least child into some one of our schools, and not a few Christian workers remember the golden age of our mission schools, memorable in Crescent City Hall, and which had its culmination a dozen years ago. Who go now into the desolate homes and tenements of our city?

I have seen the whole of our beautiful common school system germinate, bud, blossom and bring forth its beneficent fruit. There was no public school system when I came. The present system was inaugurated in 1853, having for its chief champion and as worthy of all honor for grading it to its proud rank, Horatio Q. Wheeler, Esq.—soon seconded as worthy coadjutor, by the Hon. Wm. Baker, for many years the Mayor of the city.

But many think it time to refer to my own special work as a minister of Christ. In the third year of my ministry God so greatly prospered us that it was deemed necessary to enlarge our habitation, which to me then seemed as David expressed it,



“The Habitation of His Holiness; that place where His Honor dwelleth.”

The rear gable end of the building was removed and so extended that with the construction of a small organ gallery we had additional seating of at least one-third more. The growth of the church continued to be healthy and substantial. In the winter of 1856-7 a marked revival was enjoyed and many valuable additions to the church received. Two years after there was another season of awakening and refreshing.

In 1859 the church decided upon the erection of a new edifice. The foundations were then laid, and in March, 1860, the Church on the Hill” was no more, its venerable walls were removed, a few of the brick, however, sacredly preserved and lovingly incorporated in the new building on Walnut and Second streets.

The memorial discourse, the last pronounced in the pioneer church, was published and is now in possession of some of the older members of the church.

The convenient basement of the then new building was entered on the first Sunday of February, 1851. It was a season of deep religious interest throughout the city during the winter, though, at that time, the excess of interest was abated. It was



one of the most remarkable works of grace known in the city. It commenced in the Locust Street M. E. Church, under God, through its pastor, Rev. Dr. Gillett, who seemed especially raised up and qualified from on high for that great event. The Walnut Street Church came in for its share of the blessing; and some sixty persons were then added to it, at its first communion in the new basement. The two years between 1861 and 1863 were spent in persistent effort to complete the edifice, and, on the first Sunday in February, 1863, the Rev. Dr. Tuttle, of Crawfordsville, preaching the discourse, the building was dedicated to the worship of the triune God, with thanksgiving, and the voice of melody.

Five years longer I went in and out among my people, bréaking unto them the word of life as I was able, at the end of which time I was led to the conclusion that my retirement from the pastorate was expedient, and I announced publicly that, at the next meeting of the Presbytery I would ask to be retired. The Presbytery consented to my request, and in April, 1868, after serving the church eighteen years and six months, my pastorate ceased, my pulpit was declared vacant and my official connection with the people of Walnut Street at an end.

How quickly then thronged the memories of those eighteen years and more of the best years given to men. Years of ardor and the strength of one's manhood, and to me naturally embracing the chiefest of the work of my life. It was then I called to remembrance the years that were past, and there was forced upon my hearing what others did not hear—a voice that said: "Write Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the spirit, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them."

And I said to myself, through divine grace I hope to "die in the Lord." As to the resting from labor, I have never concerned myself much, for I have loved to work for the Master, and His yoke has never been grievous. But when I die—I said to myself—what will be the result of this very considerable portion of the best days of my life. Will my work follow me? Will anything remain for the generations to come? Will the seed that I often went forth weeping, scattering it here and there, will any of it remain and will it go on unfolding and unfolding harvest after harvest, so that, in the evening, I shall come rejoicing, bringing some of the sheaves with me?

My heart's desire and prayer to God is that the Walnut Street Church may arise and shine and that the beauty of the Lord may ever be upon her.

There are now some of my dearest brethren and friends, and from thence have gone many who are now entered into rest, having been cordial co-laborers with me, and toward whom I feel that I am moving, and with whom I shall take sweet counsel and talk of the loves and labors of the past. Sweet will be the greeting when we meet to see each other there, "knowing as we are known," to sit down in the Kingdom of our Father hereafter.

Shortly after my retirement in 1868, I was appointed one of the Secretaries of the American and Foreign Christian Union, traveling in the interest of its Missionary work. But in the spring of 1874, some of my friends urged upon my acceptance the pastorate of the Second Avenue Mission Work. I accepted it. Without detaining you here, you know matters led to a new organization, with a change of location and the erection of this new and beautiful building, the First Avenue Church, which we are now seeking to put upon an enduring foundation, so that it may be to the people of this part of our city a fountain of good for years and years to come.

But here a few reflections as to the manner and

matter of my life among you, and my convictions of what is the best way of making the Gospel a power through the churches and its ministry.

As to the manner of my life, I think I can honestly say I have sought to be a true man, faithful in my calling, and ever ready to be to all the people "their servant for Jesus sake." I have aimed at all times and under all circumstances to stand up for the truth, and to stand up for the right. I have never laid aside the Gospel trumpet, and never knowingly given it an uncertain sound. I have worked in season and out of season, in my own church and as called upon in other churches, and among those who were of no church and as sheep without a shepherd. I have hastened to the call of the sick and dying at midnight as well as at mid-day. I have gone with the poor and with the rich, mid winter cold and summer heat, saying now, with due consideration, that in no case have I ever declined to speak for the truth or to visit the sick, or to attend funerals when I was able, Yea, and that I have often gone beyond my strength, and gone with joy.

As to my preaching and my utterances for Christ's cause, it has been all the time the "old, old story." It has been Christ and Him crucified. I have had defined and positive convictions of truth, and he is

not a man who has not, and I have expressed my convictions, giving a reason of the hope that was in me. I have had my creed, not formulated from my own or any body else's philosophy, or after the wisdom of the world, but according to the Word of God. I have never been inclined to preach other than the words of truth as found in the Bible. The symbols of my denomination I love, and I accepted and adopted them cheerfully and voluntarily, ever and only interpreting them by the Word and not the Word by the symbols. From the beginning of my ministry I have held that the doctrines and principles of my denomination spiritually set forth, do most highly exalt God in his authority over men, and that they develop and foster righteousness, justice, truth and sincere liberty and good will in society, and that in setting them forth as a minister, I was working to lead men nearer to Heaven, and aided in promoting the earthly interests of the community that I have long learned to love.

And this allusion leads me to believe that while I have been emphatic and positive in preaching my honest individual belief, my fellow Christians, who differ from me in certain points of doctrine and principles, will bear me witness that I have never made myself offensive or unready to co-operate in the common work of the common salvation. In

building up my own denominational work, I have not depreciated the work of others. If I have had little ability to raise mortals to the skies, I have had none of the spirit to drag angels down.

Thirty years of preaching, and I have yet to preach my first controversial sermon. There has been no sectarianism in my heart, no bitterness in my thought, no intolerance on my tongue. I have labored in all the denominations, and this was particularly so during the earlier days of my ministry when our mutual needs were greater. By kindly invitation, and I think acceptable, I have ministered in homes of affliction and bereavement. I have been widely among the people in times of gladness and sorrow, at the cradle and at the coffin, at the bridal and at the burial; at the altar and at the bier; weeping with those that wept and rejoicing with those that rejoiced.

I cannot recount the number of baptismal and wedding ceremonies in which I have participated. I find parties to these offices of mine everywhere over the city. I have baptized children whose parents I had baptised in infancy, and have married parties whose parents I was privileged to unite in holy wedlock. Children who were trained in my first Sabbath School are now found in substantial departments of life in extensive business firms;

found connected with the press and in the pulpit; in office in the service of the State, and in service of the United States. Two Superintendents in this Church Sunday School, the present, and the one who has just retired, and the present Superintendent of the Walnut Street School, were scholars in my earlier school, and in my school of to-day, and as members of this church are children of parents who as Sunday School children listened to me thirty years ago.

Now, in hastening these reminiscences to a conclusion, I am not here to deny or to affirm, nor am I anxious to have any opinion even offered as to how much my poor efforts have aided, if at all, any of these in their life work or life journey, or whether those efforts may help to exhibit them at last as among the redeemed of the Lord when He cometh to make up His jewels. I am content to know that the Master whom I serve is keeping the account and keeping it correctly, and I know that he will, anyhow, give me better than I deserve. Behold, my witness is in Heaven; my record is on high.

I had wanted very greatly in this memorial discourse to speak particularly to a question that comes up naturally and might be stated thus: After thirty years labor and observation, do you think that, as Christians and Churches, we are improving in our



ways of reaching men by the Gospel, and are our methods of practical work better, and is pure Christianity increasing, and are the churches of the city keeping pace with the progress of the city? A proper answer would furnish theme for two discourses.

Our working for the extension of religion can never be improved upon, unless in the main it leads men to see that they are sinners, lost and condemned, and that they must perish forever unless they repent and be converted. Our Gospel must be the same Gospel preached at Pentecost eighteen hundred years ago. We shall never save men by representing them to be any better than lost in sin and under God's just displeasure. Nor are we likely to extend a pure and vigorous religion by lowering its claims or authority.

My long and deliberate conviction both as a worker and a looker on, is that Christianity gains nothing by compromises of any kind, nor by lowering her claims to suit the exactions of either pleasure loving professors or a pleasure loving world. Christians must show that their religion is a religion of happiness, and kindness and love, and that, so far as they can do it without sacrifice of principles or duty, they are "willing to be all things to all men that they may by all means save some,"



doing it for the Gospel's sake. These have been the views by which I have shaped my life among you, and have sought to conform my church conduct, say, as to church entertainments and matters of financial need, where the usage is in the direction that "the end justifies the means," or "let us do just this little evil that good may come." This is not a case where, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain. Without bitterness or ill will, or fault finding, I have withheld myself from all these things, and expressed my fears as to their tendencies; and never did I feel a stronger conviction than I do at this moment that these things have weakened and neutralized the moral power of the church, and detracted from her divine majesty as the elect of Christ.

The moral power of all of our churches would at the present time be vastly greater than it now is, if from the beginning, consistently and constantly it had shunned the entanglements of folly and doubtful morality and doubtful expediency. Yea, if it had in the spirit of meekness and kindness rather erred on the side of severity than of the laxness and licentiousness into which too many have been drawn. The precipice is to have a wide berth rather than to be approached too closely.

The same is clearly uttering the severer doctrines of the Gospel. Do it lovingly and kindly, but utter

even the unpalatable truths of God. An emasculated Christianity is a powerless region.

As to the relative advance of the churches compared with the growth of the city, and perhaps I ought to speak only of my own denomination, I do think that we have not done all that we could have done if we had been more faithful. The influence of our church is not what it should be nor what it could soon be if we were consecrated, united, wide awake and working. Without work there can be no harvest. This city is a field white for harvesting, but who will be the laborers?

There needs be co-operation among all our churches. We are falling behind in the race—there is no concealing the matter, but past losses may be retrieved, and now is the time to do it. To delay it may be too late forever. Each church should organize for its individual work, and we should be in correspondence with one another. Let us remember the Captain of our salvation holds us responsible that we lose no more ground, but go up at once and possess the land.

A single thought as to my present work. I feel that I am now in my last earthly enterprise in the glorifying of Christ. I thank Him for what He has permitted me to do—enabled me to do—but there is just one thing more that I beg at His hands.

It is that He would give me grace and strength, with your faith and labor of love, my people, to bring our little church into such conditions, that I may say it is a success; that is, beyond the contingent and so free from every embarrassment which it is in our power, with the sympathy of its friends to free it, that we can see our way clear to do the one only grand work which any church should care to do—the bringing of honor to Christ through the abundant saving of souls.

I feel when I can do this—bring this church and lay it at the feet of Jesus as a trophy, and say “here, Jesus, am I and my people, the people whom thou hast given me, and here is our work. We bring it that it may be a star in the crown of a Saviour’s rejoicing.” I feel that when I can do this I can then say, with the aged Simeon, “Lord, now lettest thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

And I don’t want my work in Evansville to close until I can do this. I have referred to work in the days of my prime, my undiscounted manhood. The strength of those days may not be in me now, but I know that God is ready to give me the strength needful for all that this enterprise demands—if only you will work with me—and so with no vaunting spirit, but humbly depending upon divine grace, I

offer myself to God and to you as ready to work with you all and with the foremost of you all, and, being your leader do challenge you to keep up with me in whatever may be agreed upon as most likely to prosper the church and ensure the blessing of God upon it.

As I ask of the Master, so will I—so do I ask of you, His people—“What wilt thou have me to do?” Ready to spend and to be spent until God shall crown us with blessed victory.

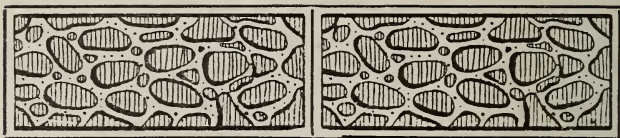
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That “crown of blessed victory” is now his, and the community in which he lived felt individually bereft when he was taken from their midst. He was looked upon as a pattern of all that a minister ought to be. He was a devout and cheerful Christian, a counsellor and friend, to all alike, a genial and agreeable companion. He had outlived the time when it seemed necessary for a minister to wear a long countenance and talk only on serious matters, and his pleasant face and cheerful greeting comes up before us, as he was cordially welcomed in all social gatherings among his friends. Whatever Mr. McCarer says of himself in the sermon is known to be true and is heartily responded to by all who knew him.

"My present work," of which Rev. Mr. McCarer speaks, was the First Avenue Church. By his efforts this church was sustained and built up, and if he could have remained with it till to-day he would have seen his wish realized in regard to its being "a success." The beautiful structure which stands on the corner of Second and Walnut is a grand monument to his memory. His zeal and perseverance were embodied in it as well as his devout desire to honor God by building a temple wherein to worship Him and sing praises to His holy name. The prosperity of this church in all these years is largely due to the principles inculcated by his earnest labor and his unselfish surrender of his own interests to the good of the church, and there have been many regrets since his death that his labors, to which the best years of his life were given were not more generously rewarded. The salary he received, and with which he was satisfied, was insufficient to give him that ease of body and mind that he richly deserved to enjoy. The purpose of building a church made it impossible to increase his salary as it should have been, and though never a hardy or robust man, he was seen cultivating his ground with all the energy of a farmer, to make his income a little more. If he could always have had a summer vacation such as the ministers of to-

day enjoy, his usefulness might have continued many years longer than it did. His home, at the head of Second street, has been sold to Miss Carolino Rathborne, of New York, for an Old Ladies' Home. It is a matter of regret that the property should ever have been allowed to go out of the family, particularly during the life time of his wife, Mrs. Sarah H. McCarer, who still survives him. Much to the regret of her many friends, Mrs. McCarer now makes her home in Texas, owing to the removal of some members of her family, to that place, with whom she wished to reside. The fact that any particular publicity was always offensive to her and that she might some day see these pages will prevent all the good being said of her that ought to be. But with the hope that she will excuse, for friendship sake, just a few words will be said. It is true that no one in Evansville ever had more friends than she has left, her life in the eyes of all these friends has been perfect.

The position of pastor's wife was never more appropriately filled than it has been by her, and she possesses all the traits of a kind hearted, noble, Christain woman, and deserves to be and is most kindly remembered by all who knew her and particularly by the members of the church of which her husband was pastor.



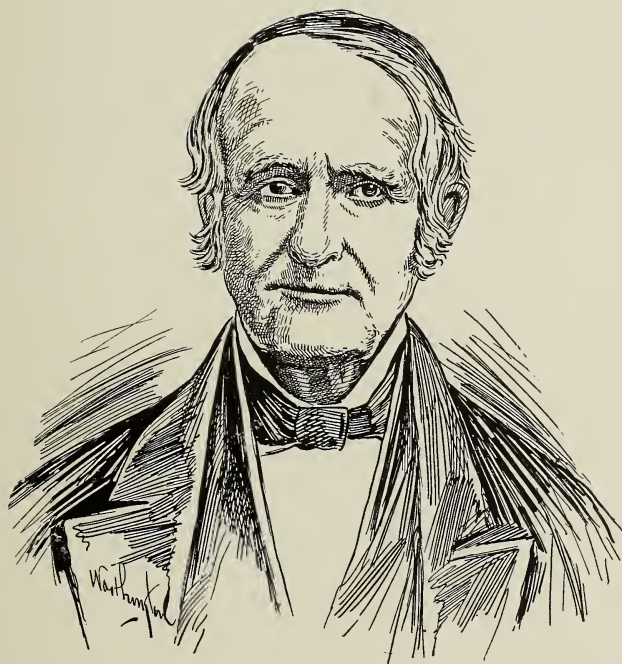
## CHAPTER X.

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DR. LINDLEY AND MRS. LINDLEY.

There was also Dr. Lindley and wife, who still live in the memory of some of the oldest residents. They came to this country from Connecticut and made their home in Stringtown. The doctor was for many years an Elder in the church. This couple were well advanced in life when they sought a new home in the West, and the New England principles instilled in them in youth bore excellent fruit when transplanted to a new climate and new surroundings. In goodness and benevolence they could not be excelled, the doctor administering to the poor and afflicted "without money and without price," and his wife binding up the broken hearted and giving of her meagre substance without stint to those who were more needy than herself. At that early date Dr. Lindley was the first person who ever advocated woman's rights in this community. His views were entirely new and considered rather Eutopian, then, but now it seems that he was only an advanced thinker. A paper for which he subscribed, which





DR. LINDLEY.





was an exponent of these views, was called the "Banner of Peace." If he could have lived to these days his highest anticipations would have been almost realized. That women would help to reform the world in temperance and politics was a theme on which he often discoursed. The lives of these good people were examples that could not fail to influence all who knew them. Peace to their ashes, and a blessed reward for them above!

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Besides the men who were the pillars of the church there were "honorable women not a few," who were as necessary and useful to the superstructure as the pillars themselves. They were consistent Christian women, who gave all their influence on the side of religion. The diversions they sought were pure and simple. Reading societies and sewing societies where like one family, they were all interested in the same object, jealousies were unknown. There were no theatres here in those days and if there had been, no church member would have attended them. There was no beer drinking or card playing mothers, and few temptations to anything but a moral life.

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MRS. WARNER.

The first Mrs. Warner was the wife of Alanson Warner, a sister-in-law of "Father Chute," and one

of the first church members when it was organized. She was an influential woman and active in good works. The second Mrs. Warner, afterward Mrs. Chas R. Hopkins, was an energetic worker in everything relating to the welfare of the church, and at her death she left a handsome bequest to the Walnut Street Church.

Mr. Alanson Warner, though one of the trustees of the church, was never a member. He was a man of sterling worth and honesty, interested in every good cause. He was prosperous in business and gave freely of his means to benevolent objects. It was at his house the first meeting was held to consider the building of the church. For many years he kept the only hotel in the place, the "Mansion House," which stood where the Peoples' Opera House stood.

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MRS. J. H. MAGHEE

Was a pattern of loveliness of character, delicate and refined; her conscientious and pure life and her deeds of charity made her beloved and honored by everyone. She passed to her reward years since and her parting words to her dear child were "Be kind to the poor." Her sister, Miss Parker, who took the place of mother to the bereaved child, carried out her sisters wishes in all respects, being an ex-

cellent Christian woman. The latter is still living in New York and retains pleasant memories of her life in Evansville and her many friends, few of whom still survive.

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MRS. ROBERT BARNES.

Mrs. Barnes was another lovely woman whose memory is precious. She was one whom any person with aspirations for a higher and better life might wish to imitate. Gentle, kind and conscientious she performed all the duties of a Christian woman with zeal and pleasure. She had many trials which were borne with patience. An irreligious husband was a great grief to her, but her perfect life and prayers for him were no doubt the means after her death of his conversion, which it was truly believed, took place. He manifested a strong desire to lead a new life and joined a church, not the one to which his wife had belonged. But his ardor was dampened by the persistent efforts of his brethren to bring him forward as a prominent member, insisting upon his praying in public and taking an active and conspicuous part in the church, while the man himself had more sense and modesty than to accede to their wishes. He was a wealthy man and they wished him to be a bright and shining light in the world.

Another cause of his "fall from grace" was the good bretheren wished to administer upon his estate before he was done with it himself. In other words there was no end to the demands upon him for money, to which he responded in a reasonable degree, but not at all satisfactory to the applicant, and to prevent any further expectations he became a Spiritualist. The doctrines and belief of that sect suited him better. He thought the more spiritual people became the less money would be required from him. He made his will leaving his property to the Spiritualists, but at his death his will could not be found and his rightful heirs came into possession of all he had owned.

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MRS. SARAH L. FLAGLER.

Mrs. Sarah Leland Flagler was one of the earliest members of the Walnut Street Church. She was born in Pleasant Valley, N. Y., in 1794, and died in Glen Cove, N. Y., in 1882.

Mrs. Flagler was the daughter of Rev. John Clark, who was for more than thirty years pastor of Pleasant Valley. She was a genial Christian woman; life had no dark side to her, whatever of sorrow or care came upon her she rallied from it and became cheerfully resigned to her lot. In her extreme old age she preserved her youthful feelings.

She enjoyed making everyone happy, particularly the children. She was a lover of the beautiful in nature and art, and possessed the art of making beautiful things with the painters' pencil, which she exercised until a short time before her death. Many homes this day have samples of her skill and taste—beautiful vases and articles of fancy work with which she decorated the dwellings of her friends. She was untiring in her labors for the church, and many dollars were realized from the sale of her fancy articles at the fairs held for the benefit of the church. After leaving Evansville she was always busy aiding poor and struggling churches by contributing her work which was sold to their advantage. Mrs. Flagler was always met with friendly greeting wherever she went. For many years, with rare kindliness of heart, she ministered to others with true Christian sympathy, rejoicing with the happy and sorrowing with the sad. Her pastor wrote of her after her death: "Her memory will long be cherished here and elsewhere. To the last her childlike faith in her Savior never wavered and she was ready to depart and be with Him."



## CHAPTER XI.

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REV. J. P. E. KUMLER.

Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, in his own words, gives the following account:

"I received a call to the pastorate of the Walnut Street Church, of Evansville, Ind., in May, 1868. The call was accepted and the work entered upon about the first of July following. The Rev. Wm. H. McCarer had been pastor for nearly a score of years; he had led the church from weakness to strength, and built a large and elegant church edifice. He was greatly and justly loved by his many old friends, who were pained at his retirement, and though he continued to reside among the people he had served so long and faithfully, he was not, as is often the case, an obstruction to the work of his successor, but a decided help and a loving friend, as was also his devoted and accomplished wife. Fortunate indeed is the pastor who finds such parishoners as we found in Brother McCarer and his

beloved companion. The elders fitly represented the church. The names of John Shanklin, Samuel Orr and Dr. Tyrell were held in reverence. They unselfishly sought the purity, peace and prosperity of the church. Two of these were well advanced in years, and the church was growing in numbers so that they requested an addition to their number. Gen. John W. Foster, Prof. A. M. Gow and Daniel Mark were chosen and proved themselves efficient overseers of the flock. All were in harmony and seconded every effort of the pastor. The hand of the Lord was with us, and many were added to the church. Special mention should be made of the godly women "not a few," who at this distance of twenty years come vividly before me, I can hardly refrain from beginning the catalogue of their names, but I would not know where to stop. They were a host in themselves; to their prayers and untiring successful work the prosperity of the church was largely due. As the mind to work became more manifest there was a necessity felt for a more thorough organization for church work, and with that prince of organizers, Gen. J. W. Foster, we effected the most complete division of labor, that assigned to every man his own work, I have ever seen put in operation. Nearly every member of the church was placed on some committee; there was no



branch of church work overlooked. The congregation, the prayer meetings, the young peoples' meetings, the Sunday school, Cottage prayer meetings, Temperance socials, canvassing and religious literature. The latter committee, I remember, saw that every family in the church had one of our church papers.

"As there was no Y. M. C. Association in the city we had also committees to visit the jail, station house, infirmary, and to distribute invitations to attend church at the different hotels. The chairman of each committee reported regularly to the session what the committee had done. Then followed this increased activity an increased ingathering of souls and a manifest growth of grace in all the workers. The contributions to the different Boards of the church increased. The church also began to take a more active part in the mission work of the Presbytery. The church during my pastorate was exceedingly fortunate in her Treasurer, the Hon. Wm. Baker, nothing was allowed to go at loose ends—business was business. The annual reports were exhaustive and models of accuracy and a great stimulu to greater liberality. The payments of salary were as prompt as the sun. It was my sad duty to follow him to the grave, and my privilege to voice a general sentiment of all who knew him, to

declare that in his departure the community and the church lost one of its most upright and valuable members. I cannot refrain from mentioning a few others whose names have starred. Mr. Shanklin and Mr. Orr, were prominent pillars in the church. They were men of God and of might, upon whom the church and society is built. They were identified with the foundation and superstructure of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church. Nor can I omit the name of my warm-hearted and enthusiastic friend Mr. Daniel Mark, and still another, Prof. A. M. Gow, whose great experience as an educator enabled him to introduce many improvements in our Sabbath school methods; and still there comes back to memory both men and women whose faces we shall see no more in time. "Part of the host have crossed the flood, part are crossing now." There was no discord during that three years pastorate. No wonder there was a breaking of heart-strings when the relation was sundered. Its precious memories are counted among the richest legacies of my life."

J. P. E. KUMLER.

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Rev. J. P. E. Kumler, while in the capacity of pastor, was a great favorite with his church and congregation, and his resignation was very reluc-

tantly accepted. His parting with his friends was painful at least, and at the last moment he may have wished with them that he had not listened to the “call” which they did not wish him to hear. Then why did he leave? Was it the “call,” or was it that like a brave general he changed his position in order to be given a better advantage of the enemy, thinking that with the three years of thorough training he had given the soldiers of the cross in Evansville that they could “hold the fort” and wage successful warfare against sin without his aid. His plans of systematic church work have continued and the impression left upon his people is that he was an excellent pastor. He was an eloquent and practical preacher, and well deserved the kind regard and esteem in which he is held to this day.

To Mr. Kumler the First Avenue Church is largely indebted. Through his influence it was first started as a Mission, and with the help of the Grace Presbyterian Church, a flourishing society was organized and a church was built, of which Rev. Wm. H. McCarer became pastor and was very active in the promotion of its interests and welfare until the time of his death.

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MRS. KUMLER

Was a most energetic church worker and is not forgotten. Her active interest in all good works





REV. SAMUEL CARLISLE.

as well as her example, were a great benefit to the church. No duty was neglected that she undertook to perform, and she was one of the women who could well be depended upon for a leader in all that pertained to reform, while her home duties were never neglected. She was a good wife and mother and is kindly remembered by her many friends. Mr. Kumler went from Evansville to Cincinnati, where he remained for some time. His place of residence at present is Pittsburg, Penn.

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REV. SAMUEL CARLISLE.

After the Rev. Mr. Kumler left, Rev. Samuel Carlisle filled his place. It has been impossible to hear from him, and as nothing is known of his history it can only be said that he was quite a young man and gave satisfaction as a preacher.

His portrait has been kindly offered by one of his friends for insertion in this volume.





## CHAPTER XII.

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REV. CHARLES HENRY FOOTE, D. D.

Rev. Mr. Foote was born in Lenox, Mass., the 17th of June, 1825. His parents removed to Monroe county, N. Y. when he was 10 years of age. He prepared for college in Rochester, N. Y., and graduated at Williamstown, Mass. He began the study of law, but at the end of two years decided that it was his duty to enter the ministry. He then went to Princeton Theological Seminary, and before he finished his studies there, received a call from the Second Church in New Brunswick, N. J., which he accepted immediately after he graduated in 1854. Mr. Foote was married to Miss Alma T. Foote, of Madison, N. Y., in June of the same year and remained with the New Brunswick church four years. Although the relation of church and pastor were most harmonious, he took the advice of his physician and removed west for the benefit of the health of his wife. He settled first in Jerseyville, Ill.,





REV. CHARLES HENRY FOOTE.







REV. J. P. E. KUMLER.



where he lived for ten years, which included the time of the civil war. Being on the "Border land," it was only by his prudence, wisdom and personal popularity that his large church was held together. Afterward, when he was in charge of the North Church in St. Louis, Mo., he received his call from the Walnut Street Church in Evansville, to which he came in 1876. While pastor of the North Church in St. Louis he received the title of "D. D." from Blackburn University, Ill. After preaching and faithfully discharging all his pastoral duties in the Walnut Street Church for three years he accepted a call from the First Presbyterian Church in Ionia, Michigan, from which church militant he was removed to the church triumphant, June 27th, 1880. The tablet erected to his memory in this church will give a summary of his character and the esteem in which he lived and died. His work as a pastor was eminently successful in every sense of the word. He never had a communion season without additions to the church. He always left a church united and harmonious, and on leaving he always received the most cordial expressions of regret from the majority of the people. He was especially happy in his work and intercourse with young people and his genial and frank ways always

won the children. Mr. Foote was a cousin of Rev. Henry Beecher, whose mother's name was Foote.

The above account was written by an intimate friend of Dr. Foote, who says: "Of his work in Evansville, the growth and prosperity of the church for the three years he was there, I need not tell you." Of course the church records will give a full account of the additions and official work. The following is a fac simile of the inscription of the tablet erected to his memory in the church in Ionia, Michigan, when he was called away from his last pastorate duties:

## In Memoriam.

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CHARLES H. FOOTE, D. D.

BORN JUNE 17TH, 1825.

ORDAINED MAY 23D, 1854.

DIED JUNE 27TH, 1880.

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An Able and Faithful Minister of Christ. The  
Beloved Pastor of this Church  
from 1879 to 1880.

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Intellectual, Vigorous and Original.  
Emotionally Generous and Genial.  
Spiritually Earnest and Energetic.

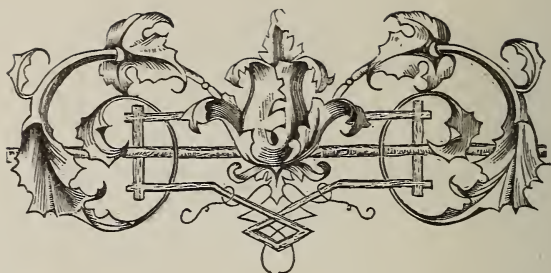
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"Remember the Word that I said unto you,  
being yet present with you."

REV. ALEXANDER STERRITT.

Rev Alexander Sterritt supplied the pulpit for a short time, when there was no regular pastor. He was an acceptable pastor of Grace Church for many years. He was a very original preacher, giving his own views on different subjects and his own interpretations of passages of scripture, which was an innovation seldom ventured upon at that time, and though, to most minds, entirely orthodox, might in this day when such men as Dr. Briggs are arraigned, be thought to savor of heresy. He was a genial, jovial man and a clever preacher, and was well thought of by all who knew him. He is now numbered among those who have crossed over "to the other side."





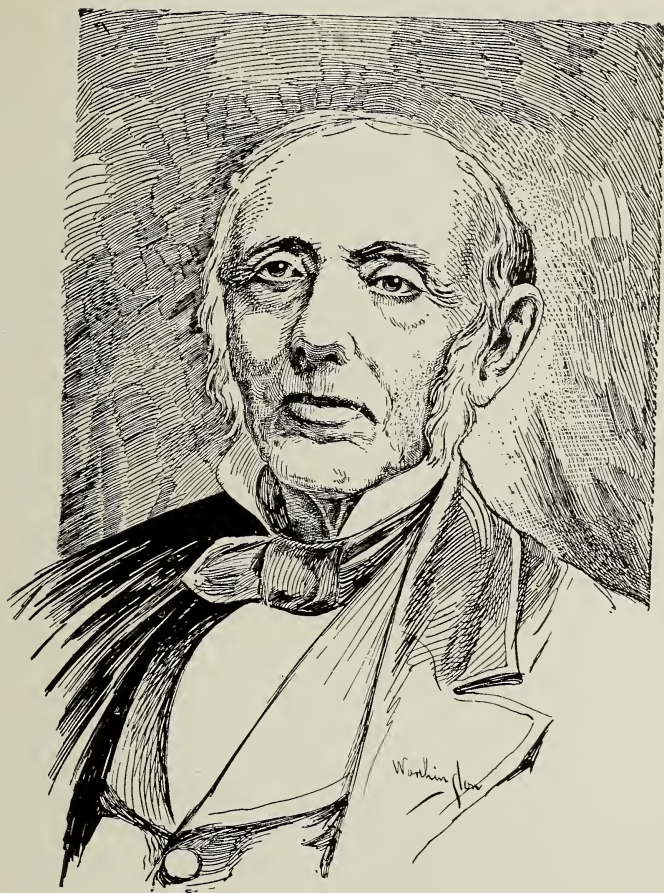
## CHAPTER XIII.

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### MR. JOHN SHANKLIN.

Mr. Shanklin became an Elder of the church in 1855. He was one of the oldest residents in Evansville. He was born near Derry, in the County Donegal, in Ireland. His father, John Shanklin, Sr., an Irish patriot, lost his life in the rebellion of 1798, fighting for his beloved country. In his eighteenth year Mr. Shanklin emigrated to America, landing in New York after a voyage of six weeks in a sailing vessel. He spent three years in New York, afterward removing to Frankfort, Ky., from which place he went to Shelbyville in the same state, where he engaged in teaching several years. Subsequently he made his home in Louisville, where he made life-long acquaintances and friends. In 1823 he came to Evansville and engaged in business in which he continued, under different firm names, the last being Shanklin & Reilly, till about





MR. JOHN SHANKLIN.





four years before his death. After his death a city paper spoke of him as follows:

"Mr. Shanklin began life in Evansville when it was a mere village. He saw it grow into a city with wide spreading commerce and wealth. He witnessed in his long life the creating of the railroad and the telegraph, scarcely dreamed of when he first came to the place and with these creations the marvelous growth and development of our country in commerce and intellectual activity. With all this his mind sympathized and kept pace. Though the snows of eighty-two winters had fallen about him, his spirits were buoyant and hopeful, making his presence and company always genial and agreeable to the old and young alike. Proverbially liberal and kindhearted his hand was ever ready to help forward those who were contending with adverse circumstances. His heart was always open to the cry of the poor and distressed and with his means he was ever ready to render them substantial aid. John Shanklin was no ordinary man, in his mature manhood his physical powers of endurance were extraordinary. The circumstances in which he and many others in this new country were placed called forth and developed the highest skill and energy. A trip to New York was made by river, stage and on horseback, and weeks and months were spent in these weary journeys. Also the southern trip to New Orleans was equally tedious, going down on a flat boat and returning by steamboat. Persons in business were obliged to make these long journeys. During Mr. Shanklin's active business life he was largely engaged in shipping produce to New Orleans. He was always foremost in business, possessing the confidence of all who were associated with him in the affairs of life, and he never betrayed their trust. In

the church his labors were supplemented by his devoted wife, and both are held in grateful remembrance. He was an Elder of the church for over twenty years, and his life linking the past century with the present, closed full of good deeds and loving memories. Of his excellence as a citizen, his tenderness as a husband, his kindness as a father and his uprightness as a man, let the hearts of his children and friends who knew him best testify."

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MRS. PHILURA SHANKLIN.

Mrs. Shanklin was removed by death from a sphere of usefulness three years previous to the demise of her husband. She was a native of Vermont, and as Miss Philura French, came to Evansville in 1831 with her sister, Mrs. Calvin Butler, and engaged in teaching for three years before her marriage. The school house in which she began her labors was a primitive log cabin on the Princeton road near the old farm of Luke Wood. She afterward taught in Washington, Ind. She was actively engaged in promoting everything calculated to advance the prosperity of the church of which her brother-in-law was pastor in Evansville, and in its connection began her work in the Sabbath school. To her belongs the honor of organizing the first Sabbath school, which was then regarded as an innovation upon the established customs, which did not fully bear upon the higher



MRS. JOHN SHANKLIN.



sanctification of the Sabbath. But such was her power of fascinating the youth that it was not long till through them she triumphed over the prejudices of the parents. Her interest in the young people of her day and her influence upon them was in many instances very remarkable. Seemingly she had never forgotten her own youthful tastes and she entered into and sympathized in all the enjoyments of her young friends with evident delight and satisfaction. Her love for children was one of the well remembered traits in her character. Her home was always a pleasant rendezvous for all the young people in the neighborhood. To illustrate her desire to give pleasure to the children a little incident is given by one of her friends, who said: "Finding her one day superintending the arrangement of the shrubs and flowers in her front yard, I called her attention to the fact that the gardener was setting the roses so near the fence that every passer-by might pluck them. She said "That is just what I want. If any little child that has no flowers at home comes along, I want him to reach right through the fence and take them.' Her religion was practical as well as spiritual. She comforted and assisted those in distress and encouraged all who needed strength to bear the burdens of life. Her religion spiritually, carried her beyond the

cloudy visions of time, where love and beauty reign supreme. She dwelt in the presence of the grandeur of which St. Paul speaks as "the powers of the world to come," and her aspirations were always for a better and higher life. She was in sympathy and goodfellowship with all Christians of whatever denomination. By her death, not only her particular friends were bereaved, but the church to which she belonged and the community for whose good she exercised her best thoughts and influences.

Much more could be said of this good woman, but the hand that would indite these lines is influenced too deeply by a sister's love to be trusted to write more. The love and sympathy of a last surviving sister which made life pleasant and desirable has passed away, and in their place come memories from the shadowy past that no lapse of time is sufficient to dim. At this late day the heart aches at the desolation that the removal of the beloved presence has wrought and veils itself in its sorrow.









REV. J. Q. ADAMS.



## CHAPTER XIV.

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REV. J. Q. ADAMS.

Rev. J. Q. Adams was a native of the town of Ogden, a few miles west of Rochester, N. Y. His parents were New England people and his father was a farmer. He was early initiated into the hard work of a farmer's boy, and his school days were soon limited to the four months of the winter term of a district school. A desire to secure an education possessed him, and he cannot remember the time when he did not expect to become a minister. Under great difficulties he prepared for college, much of the work being done at home under the guidance of an older sister. From September, 1868 to May, 1869, he was a student in the academy connected with the Normal School at Brockport, N. Y. Then, owing to the sudden death of his father, he left school and managed the farm until it was sold in the spring of 1871. In the meantime,

by diligent study, he had entered the University of Rochester in the class of '74. Here he pursued his studies and was graduated with that class, and from the Theological Seminary at Auburn in 1877. Most of these years he was supporting himself by office work, teaching and preaching.

Soon after being graduated he was married to Miss Clara Southgate, of Rochester, and became stated supply of the Presbyterian Church of Mexico, N. Y. There had been much trouble in the church, and his work was to bring together the two parties and consolidate the church for work. Though holding a call to the pastorate, he was not installed, nor was he ordained until June, 1878. Then the Presbytery of Syracuse ordained him an evangelist. He had previously been licensed in 1876 by the Presbytery of Rochester.

In November, 1878, he accepted the invitation to become a stated supply to the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, of Evansville, and began his work December 1st. At the end of the year he received and accepted a call to the pastorate and was installed by the Presbytery of Vincennes. Here he remained until October, 1881. It was a pastorate much enjoyed by him, and full of work. A large number had been received into the church under Dr. Foote, his predecessor, and his work was largely

in looking after and training the new converts. The church was brought into greater unity, and better organization for work. Owing to the failure of his health he was obliged to resign, and accepted a call to become the pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Boulder, Colorado.

Here new work in laying foundations was thrust upon him. There was a large growth in every department of the church. It became self-supporting and stepped to the front as one of the most vigorous churches of that region. The demands of the general work were also numerous.

In March, 1884, he resigned this pastorate to accept a call to the Westminster Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, where he is still pastor. Work in this city is exceptionally difficult, and the church to which he came was in debt, divided, sadly demoralized, and few in numbers. There has been growth in many ways. It is out of debt, united, thoroughly organized, liberal and active in every good work. It has one of the best working forces of young people to be found anywhere. It has the First Company of the Boys' Brigade in the U. S. A., which, in its more than two year's work, has done much for the boys, and is a rapidly growing organization.

Any notice of his work would be incomplete without some reference to her, who in every good work, has been a help-meet, indeed. Elder Samuel Orr called her "a model pastor's wife," and as the years have passed since then, she has not lost this reputation. To her abundant labors Mr. Adams owes much.

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All that has been said of Mrs. Adams, meets with a hearty response from everyone who was blessed with her acquaintance. While her husband was pastor in Evansville she won all hearts, her labors of love and mercy were "abundant," and she has never been weary of well-doing. From her far off home in California, word comes back that the good little woman is more active than ever and her good influence among all classes and especially among the young people, is being felt and highly appreciated.

That Mr. Adams does "not remember when he did not expect to be a minister" must have had a powerful influence in forming his character. His life and mind must have developed with that gracious thought, which was evident from his purely spiritual sermons. Mr. Adams was very highly respected, and his ill health, which obliged him to leave, was





REV. SEWARD M. DODGE.

seriously regretted. Excellent reports of the good he is able to accomplish among the rising generation come to us, and that his health has improved in the mild climate of California, is very gratifying to his many friends.

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REV. SEWARD M. DODGE.

Christmas morning of the year 1881, the Rev. Seward M. Dodge preached his first sermon in the pulpit of Walnut Street Church. First, as stated supply, and afterward as pastor-elect, he served the church until the last of September, 1883, when he departed for California and became pastor of the Santa Rosa Presbyterian Church.

On the 22d of January, a month after Rev. Mr. Dodge's arrival in Walnut Street Church, a jubilee service was held on the fiftieth anniversary of the building of the first church edifice erected ten years after the organization of the church, and the debt \$3,000, which long hindered the work of the church, was cancelled.

Only a few days later, Elder Samuel Orr, long the main pillar of the church and confidential adviser of every pastor, was laid to rest. In the October following, his beloved wife, of sainted memory, joined him. The next spring the old church manse



gave place to a beautiful brick structure, erected to their memory by Mr. James Orr and Mrs. Martha Bayard.

During Mr. Dodge's pastorate, of less than two years, thirty-five members were added to the church—nineteen on confession of faith and sixteen by letter. Regular meetings were established among the young people, with whom Mr Dodge was always in the fullest sympathy, and many received the spiritual blessing of introduction to Christian work.

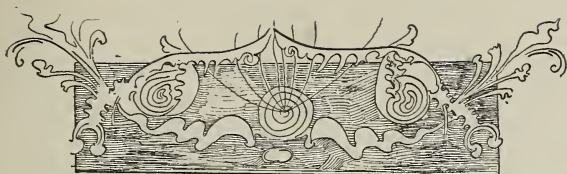
Though the time was short in which Mr. Dodge remained with the church, his work was successful, and he was appreciated as an honest and faithful worker in the vineyard of the Lord. His talents were not buried, and in a quiet, unpretentious way he went about his Master's work, and when the day of reckoning comes he will receive the plaudit: 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'







MR. SAMUEL ORR.



## CHAPTER XV.

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### MR. SAMUEL ORR.

In a note from the Rev. Seward M. Dodge, he says, "Much of sorrow as well as joy was crowded into the few short months I spent in Evansville." No sadder event ever occurred in the church than the death of one of its oldest and best beloved Elders, Mr. Samuel Orr, which took place during the time when Mr. Dodge was pastor. The name of this good man brings pleasant memories to every one who knew him. He had all the qualities which make a man respected and honored in every walk of life—as a business man, a philanthropist, a christian and a personal friend.

Mr. Samuel Orr emigrated from Ireland in 1833, and after two years spent in Pittsburg, he came to Evansville, where he engaged in business and afterwards became one of the largest dealers in iron in the West. He was an honest man, and was emi-

nently successful in the accumulation of wealth, which seemed a well merited reward for his persevering energy and his upright dealings with all men. Benevolence was one of his most prominent characteristics; the poor and needy were never refused aid when an appeal was made to his kind heart, and among this class the sincerest grief was felt when he was called away. The "Evansville Courier" said of him:

"He was personally known to a larger number of men, women and children, perhaps, than any man who has ever lived in this community, and their knowledge of him was not merely that of an acquaintance, but of deep personal attachment."

It can be truly said of Samuel Orr that his kindness was universal; that his bounty was freely given whenever necessity or sorrow laid claim to it. The last prominent scene in which he was an actor occurred about two weeks before his death, the occasion being the semi-centennial anniversary of the Walnut Street Church. After an eloquent discourse by the Rev. Seward Dodge, who had just entered upon his duty as pastor, it was proposed to clear the church debt by subscription. With that liberality which has always characterized his actions in every worthy cause, and that has particularly lent emphasis and sincerity to his church loyalty, Samuel Orr subscribed about one-fourth of the amount necessary, in this way giving such stimulus to the movement that in a few minutes the required amount was raised. No one who was present will ever forget his cheering words on that occasion, now doubly memorable for the sad sequel of the great sorrow





MRS. SAMUEL ORR.

that followed. He appeared in his usual health and his cheerful nature was never seen to greater advantage. "This day's work," he said, "lifts a great burden from my heart; I have always wished that this debt might be paid during my life.

Alas! that the end should have come so soon after this happy fruition of his hope. He goes down, not over weighted with years it is true, but having fulfilled a career that was full of noble deeds that will be recalled with fragrant memories. No reproaches will follow him into the mysterious future which all men must sometime explore, and he leaves behind him a name that will always be revered as an example to be emulated and beloved."

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MRS. SAMUEL ORR.

The honored and beloved wife of Mr. Orr deserves a place in this volume. She was married to Samuel Orr before leaving Ireland. Reared with sterling principles, in the atmosphere of the old Scotch Presbyterianism, she was a firm defender of the faith, and her conscientious and useful life was a grand monument to the teachings of her early days and her memory is as fresh in the hearts of those who knew and loved her as the green sod from which she emigrated.



A few lines from the editor of the Evansville Tribune, who knew her from his childhood, shows the place she held in the affections of her friends

He says: "To the writer she was very dear, the kind words and friendly advice she often gave him when a mere child, the interest she has always shown in him, after he arrived at man's estate, are cherished never to be forgotten. She was truly a noble woman and her life was a long succession of good deeds—a kind charitable Christian woman, numbering her friends as well among those in the humble walks of life as among those upon whom fortune had smiled. Her church was next to her home, the dearest spot on earth to her, and as long as her strength would permit she was never absent from her pew. She has gone to her Maker, gone to the spot at His foot stool that awaited her coming."

Of Mr. and Mrs. Orr, it can truly be said, the mantle of these worthy people has fallen on their only son and daughter, Mr. James Orr and Mrs. Martha Bayard, who are well fitted to fill out lives that will honor their venerable parents. They have built a beautiful Parsonage on Walnut Street on the lot adjoining the church, sacred to the memory of their father and mother.

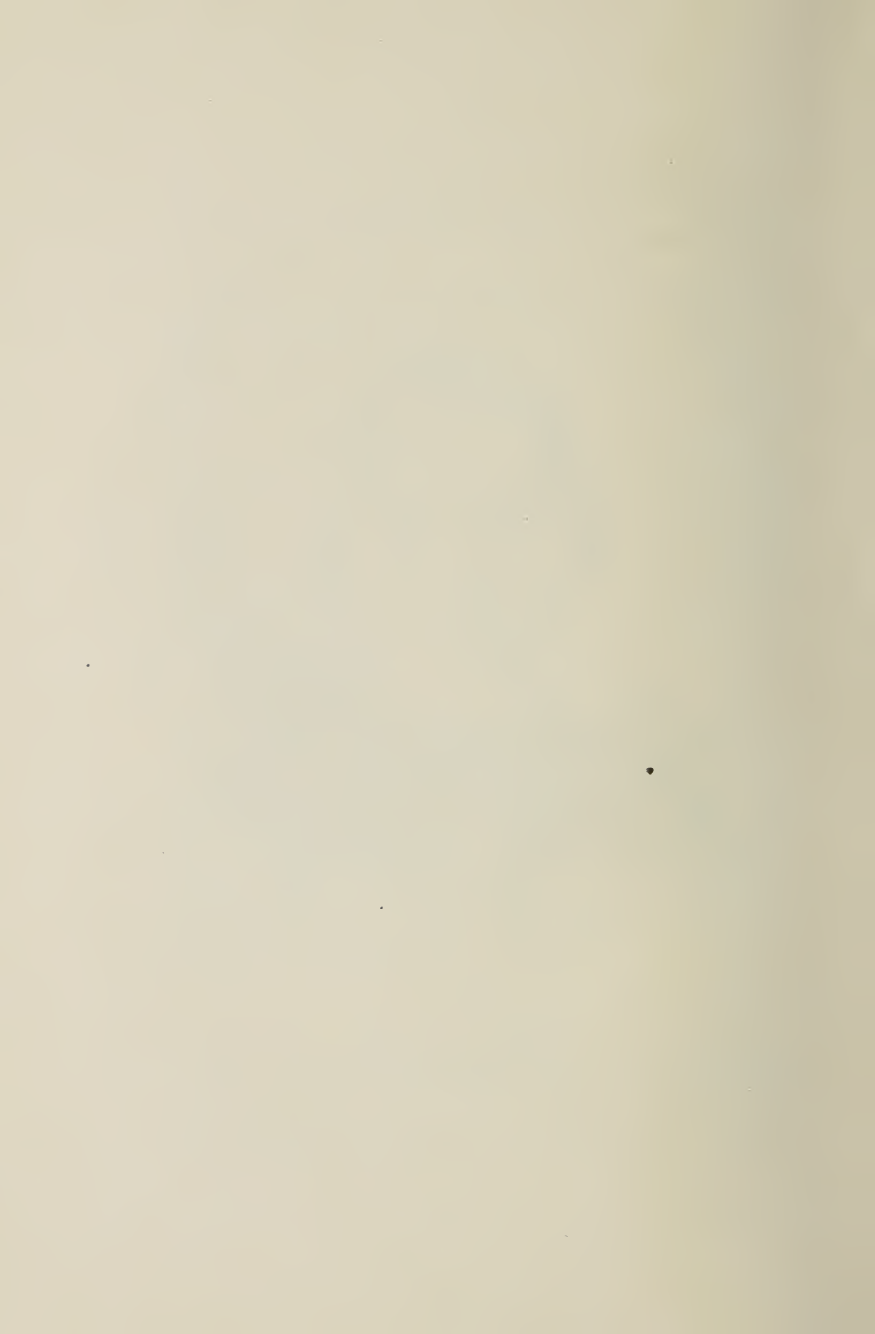
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MRS. JANE FARRELL.

Mrs. Farrell, a sister of Mrs. Orr, is the oldest member of the church, and one of the precious links that connect the past with the present. She re-



MRS. JANE FARREL.



members much of Evansville in early times and likes to recall the scenes and events of long ago.

Mrs. Farrell came to America from Ireland, as Mrs. McDonald, more than forty years ago and became acquainted with pioneer life, the first few years having been spent in the country near Evansville. There were many privations to be endured in the new settlements at that time, and often misfortunes. After being comfortably settled in a home, her house, with all its contents was consumed by fire; not long after, having again secured a pleasant home, she was bereaved of her husband, who in attempting to cross a stream which he was usually able to ford, a late rain having swollen it, he rode into the stream and was drowned. Her trials were all borne as only a brave woman can bear trouble. She removed to town, and after several years she was married to Mr. John Farrell, since deceased. She has always been a staunch Presbyterian, and her interest in the church at her advanced age, is unabated. When the weather is not unpleasant, Sabbath morning finds her in her pew listening to the words of truth and righteousness.

Mrs. Farrell has never forgotten her home across the sea, and she keeps herself well informed in regard to its present history as well as that of its earliest periods. Her fondness for, and knowledge

of history is quite remarkable; she remembers more about the crowned heads of Great Britain and their descendants than almost anyone, and is often referred to by her friends for information in matters of this kind. She is fond of reading and society, and the down-hill of life is made pleasant for her by the host of loving friends who enjoy her society, and she still retains an interest in them and the affairs of life, which makes her time pass pleasantly and happily away.

“Cheerful as the day declines,  
Cares depart with setting sun,  
Peace and trust now fill the mind  
Till life’s earthly sands are run.”





## CHAPTER XVI.

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HON. JOHN W. FOSTER.

Among those who have in years past removed from Evansville and have been very much missed in the church and society, are the Hon. John W. Foster and his excellent wife. During the civil war, as Colonel of a regiment and commander of a cavalry brigade in Burnside's army, John W. Foster was a leader in the service of his country and won the honors which were afterwards conferred upon him. Seldom has any man so secured the confidence of the head of the nation as to receive three so important appointments as were given him. He was eleven years Foreign Minister of the United States, first to Mexico, afterwards to Russia, and lastly to Spain. From 1866 to 1873 Col. Foster was editor of a daily paper in Evansville. He lived in Cincinnati perhaps two years after the war, and was a faithful ruling Elder

in the Lane Seminary Church, Walnut Hills, and also in the Walnut Street Church, Evansville, and now in the New York Avenue Church, Washington, D.C.

To the memory of their children who died in Evansville, Col. and Mrs. Foster have erected a beautiful little church, at the corner of Elsas Avenue and Delaware street, where a mission school had been established by Rev. Mr. Kumler, formerly of Walnut Street Church. There has been no regularly organized church there as yet, ministers of other churches supplying the pulpit every Sabbath.

Evansville has a right to congratulate herself on being able to send out into the world men who become not only nationally distinguished, but those who are valuable members of the community where they reside and whose influence is only for good.

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MRS. ELIZA J. M'FERSON.

Mrs. McFerson is the mother of Mrs. John W. Foster, and also one of the early members of the church. Hearing her at one time relate some of her early history, the writer was led to think that the strong minded women of this day possibly believe that they are something new in the world, and that they are quite in advance of all their predecessors;

perhaps they are, in making plans of what women ought to do, but the thought arose, has any one of them done more that is really heroic than Mrs. McFerson. The ambition and perseverance of a young woman of that early time of which she writes below, was remarkable. One who could accomplish so much in the way of educating herself when so few facilities were enjoyed, is an example worthy of emulation. It is to be hoped that the account solicited for this book will encourage the young people, whatever their circumstances may be, to qualify themselves for any emergency that may overtake them, by obtaining a thorough education, and that the faint-hearted who would give up in time of trouble to despondency, will take courage from this example and as bravely defy misfortune as the subject of this sketch has done.

Carlyle says: "The past is holier, the farther we go from it." And a person can imagine the emotion experienced by one who after passing the three score and ten years allotted to her, sits down and recalls the scenes of a long and eventful life. Mrs. McFerson is a strong character, and her influence is felt wherever she is known. Having been the wife of a minister, she feels a deep interest in the church, and her opinions are of value in all



matters pertaining to it. She is now able to rest from the arduous duties of life, and passes her time pleasantly with her daughter in Washington, and her son, Mr. Theodore McFerson, in Evansville, calling the latter place her home.

A good idea can be gathered from the following sketch, by men of large families, who are not able to educate all their children. Let them try the plan of educating one, and let that one teach the rest. In New England, fifty years ago, it was painful to see the effort made to educate one child for a profession while the others were neglected and allowed to look up to the educated one as a superior. Mr. Ezra Reed, the father of Mrs. McFerson, was a New Englander, but his coming west perhaps developed this new idea which proved a success.

Mrs. McFerson says: "I was born January 1st, 1818, near Urbana, Ohio. My father was from Massachusetts, my mother from Maine. My father built the first brick house in the region of country where he settled; and was the wonder of all the inhabitants, inasmuch as he sent all of his boys to college, six of whom were older than myself. The neighbors spoke of my brothers as "college head." A room was set apart in my father's house for study, in which we gathered. As one after another of the sons finished his college course, and was studying his profession, the first year in private, he would take charge of the study room, and prepare the next younger to enter the regular college class. Here I



MRS. E. J. McFERNON.



sat as a little girl learning my lesson. I was taught to read by my grandmother, on my father's side, before I was four years old. My mother died before I was five years old.

"When I was eight years of age my oldest brother took me with him to Athens, he having graduated and become a tutor in the Ohio University. He immediately put me to studying Latin grammar, hearing me recite at noon and in the evening; he drilled me month after month on the declension of the nouns, pronouns, adjectives and conjugation of verbs so that they remain with me until this day; the lessons were learned on Saturday as on other days, and on every Sabbath afternoon a hymn or Psalm or both.

"About the time I had mastered the Latin grammar my brother, hearing that a cultivated French family had come over and settled a few miles from Athens, concluded to place me in their charge to learn that language. Only one member of the family spoke English; they taught me to ask for everything in French, and paid no attention if I spoke in English. I suffered untold agonies in the woods with these strangers, speaking only in a foreign tongue. I remained here several months.

"Occasionally, when not convenient for my brothers to instruct me, I went to school; the study and discipline here was mere play compared with what they required of me.

"At the age of fourteen, I was sent to the Marietta Female Seminary, conducted by some Eastern ladies, remaining during two school years; here I studied arithmetic, history, botany and other branches taught in the best female schools of that day. I returned to Athens in the latter part of my fifteenth year, making my home with my oldest

brother, who was then married and was Professor of Latin and Greek in the University. The brother next older than myself was then a student in the college, and with him I commenced the study of geometry (old Euclid). After I had mastered the first book containing forty-nine propositions, my brother, Prof. Read, said he was going to ask the Professor of Mathematics to review me. He was a severe man, a graduate of West Point, who said that women had not sense enough to master higher mathematics, so I trembled, but did not dare to object. I stood at the black-board two or three hours, reciting every proposition in the first book. The Professor praised me to his college classes, saying I had done more than they could do, as he had not required so much of them. He afterwards said that he would like to have me study algebra with him, as I would need it as I went on in geometry; this I did, two of my friends joining me. During these years I read Latin, (Cicero, Virgil, etc.) with my brother, Prof. Read, French with a brother fond of the modern languages, and studied mathematics with another, devoted to that branch of study. I found a letter a few weeks since, written by the last named, fifty-six years ago, in which he said: "Improve your time, read history—occasionally, a good novel, and don't neglect to look over your algebra and geometry."

"I had not thought of becoming a teacher, but when about nineteen years of age, our pastor suddenly resigned his position over the church. His wife, a New England teacher, had opened a young ladies' school, and was in the middle of a term. She came to me to complete her term; this I agreed to do with fear and trembling, as many of my own companions were in the school, some older than myself. After

I had taught a few days, this minister concluded to remain. His wife came to me again, wanting her school. I was ready to yield, but my pupils objected. I taught two years, after which time I was married to Rev. Alexander McFerson, who had been a student at Athens. I was married at Urbana, and went with my husband to Salem, Ind., where he had been in charge of a church for a few months. My father took us in his carriage to Dayton, Ohio, from thence we went by canal to Cincinnati, by river to Louisville, by stage to Salem. My husband had preached here six years, when he caught a violent cold from riding ten miles in a snow storm, to fill an appointment for preaching; this brought on inflammatory rheumatism, which caused his death. I was left a widow at twenty-seven, with three babies, the oldest not five years, the youngest two months old.

"We had a sweet little home of our own, a cow, horse and carriage, but support was cut off when my husband died. Two brothers, one a Supreme Judge in Ohio, the other a Naval Officer, came to see me; they were distressed at my condition, and said: "What can you do but take these babies and go to father, your brothers will supply you with the money you need." They left me \$50, quite a gift for those times. I did not tell them what I would do, but as I thought over the matter, concluded that I did not choose to be a dependent, giving my children only the advantages they pleased to allow; so when my baby was six months old, I cleared out my parlor, put in desks and opened a school. After teaching here a year I was invited to take charge of the Female Seminary, at Bloomington, Ind., where my oldest brother was then Professor of Languages in the State University. I took charge here when my baby was eighteen months old. Before

doing so I went to Cincinnati to look into schools, to see if there were any new methods of teaching or new text books. I brought teachers from the East, one a fine musician. There was but one piano in the place before my own arrived. I had a school of one hundred young ladies, many coming from a distance with brothers who came to college. I introduced singing and calisthenics into my school, which were quite new then, and added interest.

"I kept house with my children and teachers, superintending all myself, and teaching six hours every day. After a few years, during my fall vacation, I took a trip East to visit the best schools; this was before the days of many railroads. I visited the State Normal school at Albany, N. Y., also the best schools in Hartford, Ct. Here I met and consulted with Miss Kate Beecher, who was much interested in education, and was connected with a society for sending teachers to the West.

"I also visited the old Ipswich and Mt. Holyoke Seminaries. At Ipswich I learned some new methods for interesting my girls in spelling, an important branch of education.

"I remained ten years in Bloomington, educating my own children, as well as some orphan girls; two from Salem, whom I kept in my family several years. All the ministers' daughters of the place were received into my school without charge for tuition. My brother used to say to me: 'I think if you support and educate your own children, you will be doing well without educating others free.' I was not dependent upon brothers, or any one else, and could do as I wished. I never received aid from my family during the years I was bringing up and educating my children, amounting to one hundred dollars; it was not necessary. I perhaps, have not had



as much sympathy for helpless women as I should have, but all cannot help themselves. I had opportunities in my younger days to prepare myself for this work, and God blessed me with health, and strength, and energy.

"I taught in Bloomington ten years, then went with Dr. Monfort as Lady Principal, to Glendale, where I remained five years, until I was called to Evansville to be with my daughter, (married and settled there), whilst her husband went to the army.

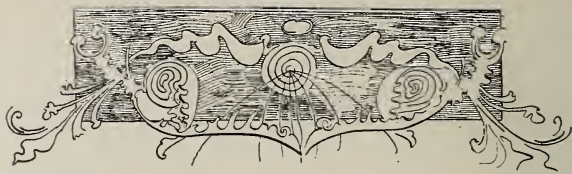
"I taught eighteen years of my life, and don't remember that during that time I was absent from school a single day, on account of illness.

"I feel to-day like saying with the Psalmist: 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name.'

E. J. McFERNON."







## CHAPTER XVII.

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MRS. E. T. DREW, NOW MRS. BARNES.

Persons who read this volume will expect to see the familiar name of Mrs. Drew in its pages; though mention has been made of her before under the name of Mrs. Barnes, it will not quite satisfy those in whose heart she occupies so large a place not to find any further mention of her. Mrs. Drew, as we still like to call her, because it brings pleasant memories, was a native of Hartford, Conn., and was educated in Montreal, Canada, to which place her parents had removed. She was a niece of Arthur and Wm. B. Tappan, who were celebrated in their day, both for their anti-slavery views and for rare intelligence and influence in New England. The latter was also a poet, some of the best hymns sung in our churches having been written by him. Mrs. Drew came to Evansville more than forty years ago, and was so associated with the church and all its belongings, that when she left for a home in New Orleans, she was missed in every department of it,



REV. J. R. BARNES AND MRS. BARNES.



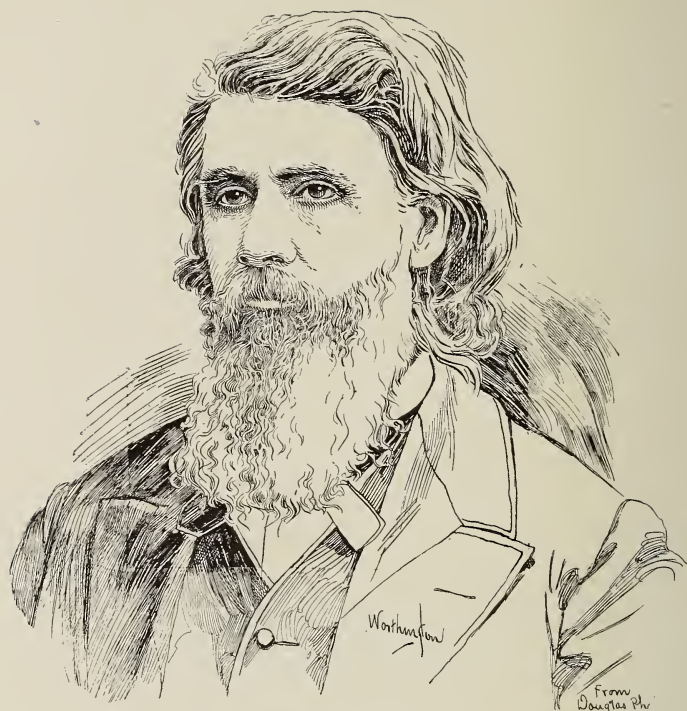
as well as in almost every household. Few persons have done with their own hands so many acts of kindness as she has done, all of which it seemed her greatest pleasure to perform.

How many weary nights she has watched by the bedside of the sick and suffering, even breaking down her own health in this way, her labors at one time resulting in a long illness. No home where there was trouble was long without her kindly offices. She was always ready for loving and generous deeds, which were worth far more than money to the recipients—making clothing for the destitute and helping all who needed help. Mrs. Drew was strictly observant of all her church duties, never failing to be found in her accustomed place at its services, without regard to the weather, sickness alone preventing her faithful attendance. She was for many years a manager of the Industrial School of which Mrs. Samuel Bayard was the founder and president; also a manager of the Home of the Friendless. The Sunday School, Missionary Society and every other good work had her sympathy and support. Time did not dampen her ardor or energy for the accomplishment of any good object, she was as ready at seventy years of age to engage in any new plan for the benefit of others as she had been

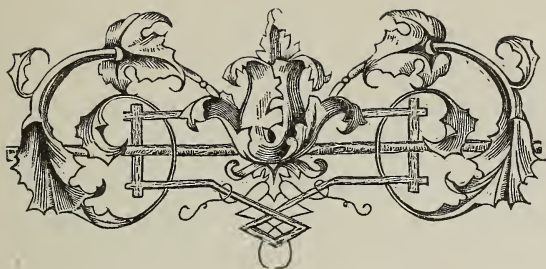
many years before. Her whole life was given to making everyone happy, and this she accomplished, in a great measure, by always being employed in kind and loving acts. Numerous mementoes of her affectionate regard are cherished keepsakes in the homes of her friends. Her example of cheerfulness and her disposition to look on the bright side of every event, was also a source of happiness to others, and she was a person of whose society one never grew weary. Her friends rejoice to know that she is happy as Mrs. Barnes, in her beautiful home in Marietta, Ohio, among new and kind friends.







PROF. MILTON Z. TINKER.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

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### PROFESSOR TINKER.

Milton Z. Tinker was born in Kingsville, Ashtabula county, Ohio, June 25th, 1834. His youth was spent in the ordinary routine of a farm laborer. He assisted upon the farm during the summer, and attended school during the winter. In the former capacity he laid well the foundation for a sound, physical constitution, such as only agricultural pursuits can give.

He spent most of his leisure moments in the study of music, applying himself diligently in all of the several departments, especially in that of voice culture. He was a regular attendant upon the exercises of the old-fashioned singing school, musical institute and the musical convention, thereby securing every advantage to be gained which these gatherings afforded.



In the fall of 1854 he commenced teaching his first day-school, at a salary of \$12 per month, for a term of five months, and, as the custom was then, "boarded around" the district. He gave instructions to singing classes at night in the communities where he was teaching, a practice he continued for four successive years.

On the first of May, 1858, he went to Chicago and entered the Normal Musical Institute, of Messrs. Bradbury & Cady, and took a thorough five months' course upon practical teaching, including the subject of harmony and voice training.

He at once began the work of conducting singing classes, musical institutes, and musical conventions. Success crowned his efforts at all of the places he visited.

In the fall of 1863 he was employed by the Board of Education of the city of Terre Haute, Ind., to introduce and superintend the instruction of vocal music in the public schools of that city. Continuing the work in Terre Haute until 1867, he then resigned and accepted a like position from the Board of Education of the city of Evansville, Ind. He commenced the work in Evansville on the first of September, 1867, and has held the position continuously during a period of nearly twenty-five years.

He united with the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church in 1869. In the fall of 1870 he succeeded Mr. Theo. Russell, as leader of the choir, and still holds the position. He has been leader of the Philharmonic Society, the Lyric Society, and the Ideal Opera Club. He has, at all times, been identified with every movement which had for its object the musical advancement of the people of Evansville.

The choir of Walnut Street Church has been fortunate in having so competent a leader for so many years as Prof. Tinker. Father Chute was the first person who led the choir, and after him Col. C. K. Drew, Sr., who in the "Little Church on the Hill," played on the bass-viol the accompaniment to the sacred songs of Zion. His son, Col. C. K. Drew, Jr., who now resides in New Orleans, was the organist after the new church was built. Miss Amelia Lawrence, Mrs. Maclean, Miss Laura Thompson, Miss Talbot and Mr. Arnold Habbe, have all filled the position of organist, which Mrs. Millis now occupies. More attention has been given to music in the last twenty years than it received during fifty years before in Evansville. In 1836 the first piano was brought to the place, and for fifteen years after, there was but one teacher who gave lessons on that instrument.

No one has contributed more to the entertainment and advancement of the community, in music, than Prof. Tinker. His connection with the public schools, as well as with the church, has accomplished this. It is impossible to estimate the good that has been derived from his services for the many years past, in which he has trained the youth in the divine art. Who can say how the undeveloped minds of the young have been elevated and inspired to the pursuit of the chaste and ennobling avocations of life by his teaching? The little untutored urchin in the public school, in whose home music's sweetest strains are never heard, and where, perhaps, only discordant sounds have met his ear, is charmed with the sweet songs he hears in school, all breathing of purity and love, his little heart is broken up and the good seed is sown in it which will bring forth fruit such as never before grew about his humble home. Music is the solace of life. Who that has been jostled through its rough highways and filled with care and anxiety, does not gratefully welcome the strains of some old familiar song? It calms and rests his weary soul.

The music of the present day is more artistic than the songs of "Lang Syne," but the latter will never lose their charm; their notes strike a chord in the

heart which will ever vibrate with pleasure to the sound. We may be charmed with the brilliant compositions of the greatest composers, we may drink in the melody of the most gifted songstress, but there are no sweeter strains to us than those we first learned to love.

“I remember a song whose numbers throng  
As sweetly in memory’s twilight hour,  
As the voice of the blest in the realms of rest,  
Or the sparkle of dew on a dreaming flower.  
T’is a simple air, but when others depart,  
Like an angel’s whisper it clings to my heart.  
That song, that song, that old, sweet song,  
I gather it up like a golden chain—  
Link by link, as to slumber I sink,  
And link by link when I wake again;  
I shall hear it I know when the last deep rest  
Shall fold me close to the earth’s dark breast.”





## CHAPTER XIX.

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REV. LELAND GILLELAND, D. D.

In 1884 Dr. Gilleland was called to supply the pulpit of Walnut Street Church. On his first appearance in the sacred desk he captured the hearts of his hearers by his earnest and enthusiastic preaching, and throughout the time that he remained with this people they never lost their interest in his sermons, and in almost every household they were the subject of conversation when the service was over. It is impossible to estimate the extent or value of the good work accomplished during the six years that he remained in connection with the church. Dr. Gilleland came to Evansville from Tideout, Penn., and previous to his residence there he had lived in White Pigeon, Michigan, where he had charge of a church. Born of Protestant Irish parents, he inherited their staunch Presbyterian views from which



REV. LELAND GILLELAND, D. D.



he never departed, and few men have ever seemed to human vision, to be worth so much to the church and the world. That his earthly usefulness was cut short could only be because some service more grand and fruitful than any on earth awaited him in the heavenly life. The resignation of Dr. Gilleland was received by the church with the most profound regret. He removed to Lake View, Chicago, in October, 1890, and had entered upon his work with the promise of a bright future opening before him, when he was stricken down with disease and died on March 17th, 1891. It was a noble testimony to his character, as true as it was exalted, which Dr. Marquis bore at his funeral, when he said: "I think he was as little influenced by considerations of personal ambition or emolument as any man I ever knew. He never asked concerning a project or act, 'what will it do for or bring me?' but 'what will it do for Christ and for men?' He was single-eyed in that, the controlling purpose of his life was to please Him whose servant he was. It is not to be wondered at that such a man should be rich in friends, the possession of that best earthly heritage, the devoted friendship, the strong confidence and the lasting affection of the right minded and sincere. The loss to the church and the world is to be

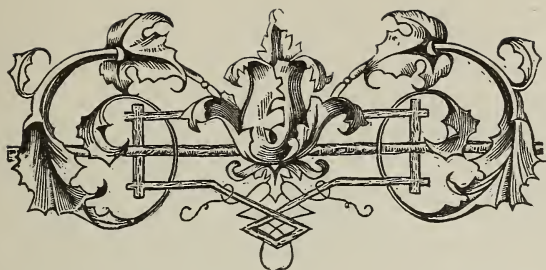


deplored when such men are summoned away from a life of usefulness to a higher and better sphere."

A few weeks after the death of Dr. Gilleland his wife, who had faithfully nursed him through his long and severe illness, was taken with the same disease (typhoid fever) of which he died, and in a few short weeks was laid to rest beside him, leaving a young family to be cared for by friends and relatives. The members of Walnut Street Church and the church of which Dr. Gilleland was pastor made up a handsome sum for the education of his children, which was a praiseworthy act.

Mrs. Gilleland was a valuable aid to her husband in his work, a pleasant companion and a loving mother, devoting herself to the comfort and happiness of her family, and the blow which severed her from her children and friends was severely felt. After her husband's death she was inconsolable, and she was ready to express herself in the words of Father Ryan:

"My feet are weary and my hands are tired,  
My soul's oppressed,  
And with desire, I now desire  
Rest only rest;  
And I am restless, still  
Far down the west  
Life's sun is setting, and I see the shore  
Where I shall rest."



## CHAPTER XX.

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### THE ELDERS AND EARLIEST MEMBERS OF THE CHURCH.

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The present elders are Messrs. Edward T. Sullivan, James L. Orr, Robert Smith, J. N. McCoy, Byron Parsons, Samuel Q. Rickwood, Herman Pfafflin and Melvin H. Lockyear.

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### DR. SAWYER AND DR. TYRRELL.

Among those who have resigned or ceased to act in the capacity of Elder we find the names of Dr. Sawyer and Dr. C. C. Tyrrell., both of whom are still in Evansville and are among the oldest citizens. They have both seen all the changes that have taken place in Evansville in the last three or four decades, and are sincere Christian people interested in the welfare and prosperity of the church.

MR. HIRAM K. WELLS,

Who was also an Elder, has removed with his wife to Elmira, N. Y., where they reside with their daughter. Few persons ever lived in Evansville who enjoyed more of the confidence and respect of every one than Mr. and Mrs. Wells. They have passed many mile-stones on their life's journey and are cheerful and happy in their old age.

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MR. CHARLES S. WELLS,

A brother of Mr. Hiram K. Wells, came to this place many years since with his family, only one member of which, Mrs. Helen Keller, is here at this time. Mr. Wells was an Elder and an excellent man. He died early in life and his loss was severely felt in the church, as he was one who had a powerful influence for good in any place or position.

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MR. DANIEL G. MARK

Was a native of Gettysburg, Pa. He came to Evansville in 1850, where he lived over thirty years. He died in 1882, at the age of fifty-two years. After coming to the place, Mr. Mark united with Walnut Street Church and was chosen an Elder in 1869. He was one of its most efficient Elders, and spared no pains or efforts in his power to further



MR. DANIEL G. MARK.



the interests of the church, giving generously of his time and means to the work. He was an excellent neighbor and friend, and with a liberal hand extended help to the poor and needy. His estimable wife survives him, but has never recovered from the sorrow of her bereavement. Mr. Mark served as an Elder with Mr. Shanklin, Mr. Orr and Mr. Luke Wood, all of whom, with Mr. Chas. Wells, have passed away since 1860.

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MR. MYRON W. SAFFORD

Came to Evansville to establish a school which was taught in the school house seen in the picture beside the little Church on the Hill. His wife and her sisters, the Misses Morton, who assisted in the school, were sisters of the present Vice President, Hon. Levi P. Morton. They were all New England people with the staunch principles of that old land. Mr. Safford died some years ago; he was also an Elder.

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GOV. CONRAD BAKER.

Reference has already been made in these pages to Gov. Baker and his lovely wife, whose presence always brought life and pleasure into every circle where she was welcomed. Her bright and happy

face is still remembered by her old friends. She was a sister of Thomas E. Garvin and Mrs. Louisa Casselberry. Gov. Baker came to Evansville in early times, and did not wait for church members to call upon him before he chose his place of worship. He knew where he belonged, and worshiped as his fathers had done in the Presbyterian church. He was a lawyer of a high and honorable character, and this was what won for him the position of Governor of the State of Indiana. During his stay here his beloved wife was called from earth, and after some years he married Miss Charlotte Chute, a daughter of Father Chute and an estimable woman.

The first house Gov. Baker occupied after coming to Evansville was a little cottage still standing on Second street, not far from Walnut street church. It was once a charming little home, made so by tasteful hands. Afterwards Gov. Baker built the house now occupied by Mr. D. B. Kumler, on First street. After he was elected Governor he moved to Indianapolis, where his family remained after his death.

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HON. WM. BAKER,

Who was a brother of Gov. Baker, came to this place a few years later than his brother and was

highly esteemed. He was a native of Pennsylvania which was honored by her sons. He was educated to thorough business habits, which told in his success in life. Mr. Baker was mayor of the city for several years, and to him the city is indebted for some of its most valuable improvements and the honest administration of the law during the period in which he held office. He and his wife were exemplary members of the church and were interested in all its affairs and Mr. Baker rendered it important and valuable service. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are neither of them now living.

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MR. AND MRS. LAWRENCE,

Whose names and faces were familiar to us many years ago. Mrs. Lawrence was a sister of Mrs. Dr. Sawyer, and is remembered as a person who had many friends. She was a genial, kind hearted woman and an efficient member of the church, always ready to do more than her share of the hard work so necessary to be done in the church in early times. When the new church was erected Mr. Lawrence presented it with a handsome marble pulpit. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are still living, their home is Chicago.



MR. AND MRS. HORACE PLUMER

Were members of the little Church on the Hill. They were New England people. Mrs. Plumer is still living and has been a widow many years. She has seen severe affliction, but welcomes old age with cheerful resignation. Mrs. Plumer now attends the First Avenue church, where without doubt she is an energetic worker in its interest, as she was in the old church.

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MRS. J. E. MASON,

Though not one of the oldest members of the church, she was one of those quiet Christian women whose life was a lesson from which all could learn truth and purity of purpose. She lived what she believed, by her death her friends and the church sustained a great loss. She was for years, together with her husband, a member of the choir. She now sings the songs of the redeemed.

There are others whose faces would be missed from their accustomed places as much as the pulpit or the organ, and it is hoped that their seats may not be vacant for many years to come. Among these are still some who used to worship in the old church and sing in its choir.

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL E. GILBERT,

Both of whom have given many years of faithful service to the choir, and can be relied upon for the fulfillment of all the duties required of them as church members. Mr. Gilbert came to Evansville in 1850 and has been a successful merchant, but is now retired from business. His estimable wife is a native of this place and is a sister of David J. Mackey.

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MRS. THOMAS E. GARVIN

Is also remembered as belonging to the choir in years that are past and is known at this time as a valuable member of Walnut street church, ready to assist in any good work, kind and warm hearted to her friends of whom she has many. Beside her in the choir of long ago stood a beloved relative of hers. The name of Nellie Warner, (afterwards Mrs. Culbertson), brings before us a queenly and elegant woman. After her marriage to Mr. Culbertson of New Albany, she resided in that place where she was highly esteemed.

Death, who "loves a shining mark," removed her a few years since from a lovely home where, with wealth and a benevolent heart she was accomplishing a great amount of good. She possessed a remarkable degree of taste and culture and seemed

especially designed as a leader in society and in the church. Her efforts in sustaining an orphans' home were deserving of great praise. She contributed freely of her means, her time and talents to its support. Her removal from a life of usefulness was very much deplored in her home and by those intimately associated with her in works of benevolence and charity.

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Of the early members who are still active in church work are Mrs. James H. Cutler, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Dr. and Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Mary Babcock Mrs. Nancy M. McClain and Mrs. James Davidson, All of the above persons have contributed in every way to the good and prosperity of the church, and are consistent Christian people.

There is also a grand army of resolute and cheerful servants in the cause of their Master, those best known to the writer are Mrs. Samuel Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Dalzell, Mrs. Isaac Keen, Mr. James L. Orr, Mrs. Gilchrist, Mrs. James M. Shanklin, Mrs. Read, Mr. Robert Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sullivan, Mrs. Matilda Goodge, Mr. W. H. Lehnhard, Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, Miss Anna Farrell Mrs. North Storms, Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Weaver, Mrs. John Gilbert, Mrs. W. S. French, Mr. and Mrs. Phil. C. Decker, and many of the later members are also

worthy of mention herein, besides the young people who are zealous in good works and with young and willing heart and hands great good will be accomplished.

The history of the above people should be found in the next volume.

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Besides those before mentioned the church has lost by death many valuable members. On this list we find the names of Dr. Wilcox and wife, Mrs. James E. Blythe, Dr. Morgan and wife, Mrs. James L. Orr, Mr. Sellman, wife and son, (these were the entire family,) Mr. Swanson and wife, Mrs. Dutcher, Mrs. Lydia Bell and Mr. Luke Wood, who was an elder, as was also his grandfather of the same name who died many years since. Mr. James R. Goodlett was also an elder in early times. He was the father of our present mayor, Hon. N. M. Goodlett. and a man of sterling worth and integrity.

More than thirty families have removed from Evansville to different parts of the country in the last five years, who were connected with the church. Among those who went to California was Mrs. George Start, who was an active and useful member of the church. Mrs. C. K. Drew removed to New Orleans, and both of these persons have passed away from the scenes of time.



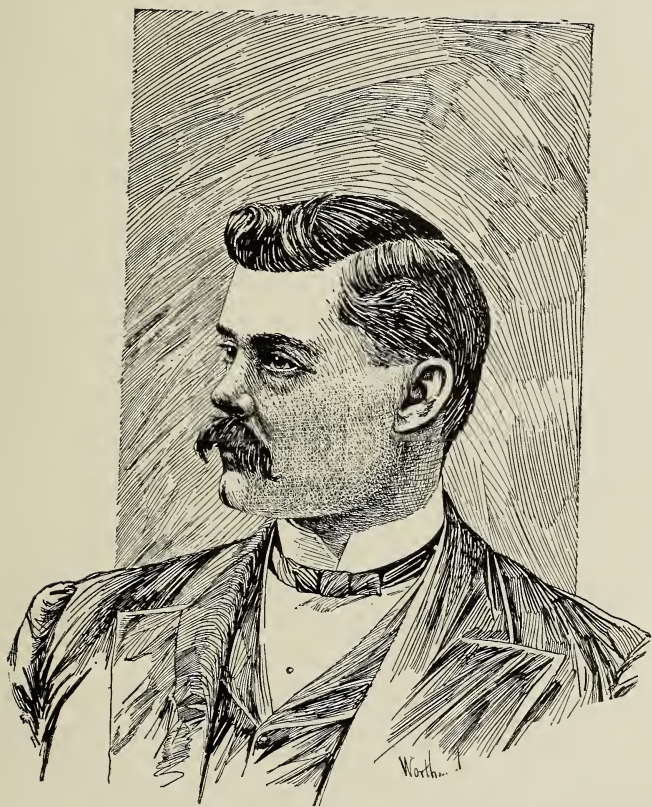
## CHAPTER XXI.

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REV. OTIS A. SMITH

Was born in Albion, Edwards county, Ill., April 10th, 1862. He was the youngest of seven children and son of Rev. Thomas and Jane Smith, who came from England in 1848. Rev. Mr. Smith went to Wabash College in the fall of 1878, and was graduated in 1883. He was tutor in the college for the college year 1883-84. In the fall of 1884 he went to Union Theological Seminary, New York City. After being in that institution one year he came to Chicago and spent two years in the McCormick Theological Seminary. He was graduated in 1887, and was called to the pastorate of the Frankfort, Ind., Presbyterian church and entered upon the work there March 13th, 1887.

Mr. Smith was ordained by the Presbytery of Crawfordsville, in session at Attica, Ind., April 1877, having been previously licensed by the Presbytery of Cairo in session at DuQuoin, Ills. April, 1886.



REV. OTIS A. SMITH.





He was married June 2nd, 1887, to Miss Martha Binford, of Crawfordsville, Ind. In February, 1891, he was called from Frankfort to Evansville, Ind., and entered upon the work in connection with the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church, March 10th, 1891.

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Rev. Mr. Smith being now the pastor of the church of which so much has been said and written he is to be congratulated upon having charge of one of the best and most flourishing churches in the West. Through much tribulation in its earliest days it has come to be a large and prosperous society. Its members are noted for their generosity to all benevolent objects, and their kindness and hospitality to strangers is proverbial. The poor, the sick and the afflicted find substantial aid among them and in fact there is no end to the ways and means employed to benefit those who are unfortunate, and in matters of this kind they have faithful and efficient help in their pastor. Walnut Street Church has always kept up to its standard of Christian life and morality, the fashions and allurements of the world have attracted fewer of its members from the straight and narrow way of their "fathers" than might almost have been expected considering the temptations of the present



age. If there is a question of right or wrong to be decided about any matter relating to or in connection with the church it is easily set at rest by deciding to do only what is known to be right and to do nothing about which there is a shadow of a doubt. Their children are taught truth and obedience and these are the foundations of all the laws of God and man. Conscientious parents not only set a good example to their children, but insist upon their attending church and Sunday school. The women of this church deserve especial praise for their ability to raise money for any church purposes. The church socials have taken the place of the fairs of years ago, and afford a much easier way of raising money. Weeks and months were spent in making useful articles and fancy work, but those who patronized the fairs were better satisfied to have something for their money. They had not formed the extravagant habit of letting their money go for what they could not see again. Rev. Mr. Smith is a young and enthusiastic preacher and meets with the hearty approval of the church members. There seems to be nothing now in the way of the prosperity of the church.

When the foregoing was written the sad event which was so soon to take place could not have been even imagined.

Death entered the pleasant home of Mr. Smith and removed his beloved wife. Mrs. Smith had been dangerously ill for a week but it was hoped that the best medical skill and the care of loving and anxious friends might arrest the fatal blow, but He who ruleth over the destinies of all, otherwise decreed, and her pure spirit was called to a home above. She left a lovely little girl to mourn her loss. Though Mrs. Smith had been in her new home in Evansville but a few months she had won the hearts of many persons by her refined manners and her gentle and devoted Christian character. The church, her family and friends, have sustained a severe loss. in which they have the sincere sympathy of the community.

The following beautiful tribute to the memory of Mrs. Smith is taken from the Crawfordsville Journal:

"The funeral of the late Mrs. O. A. Smith occurred this afternoon from the residence of Joseph Binford on East Market street, being conducted by Dr. R. J. Cunningham and Rev. G. L. McIntosh, of Indianapolis. A large concourse of friends were present and attended the remains to their last resting place. Among those present from out of the

city were, Robert Smith, of Evansville; Rev. G. L. McIntosh, of Indianapolis; R. P. Shanklin and wife, R. M. Sims and wife, G. W. Negley and wife, New Salesbury and wife, Jonathan Cook, H. F. Campbell, Mrs. Carrie Sidwell, Miss Ella Palmer, Miss Lemna Bryant, Mrs. Abram Givens, D. W. Paul, Mrs. J. H. Coulter, Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Hockman, of Frankfort."

The Presbyterian church at Frankfort, where Rev. O. A. Smith and wife were stationed until recently, unanimously passed the following tribute to her memory yesterday at a congregational meeting:

"It is with deepest sorrow and profound sadness that we have learned of the death of Mrs. Smith, the wife of our late pastor, Rev. Otis A. Smith. Mrs. Smith, by her gentle, unassuming manner, her loving deeds, her conscientious discharge of duty and her kindly greeting had endeared herself to us all. She was a woman of deep religious convictions and ardent in her attachment to her church. Her religious profession she made good by her conduct. She lived unspotted and faithful; her courtesy and kindness were unfailing; she was beloved by all. When such a person dies it becomes us to mourn and we deplore her death because of her great worth as a Christian woman, her loss to the church, to her husband and to society, and we, as a church tenderly and affectionately extend to our late pastor our sincere sympathy and condolence in this bereavement."

A. T. WOLFF, Moderator.

J. A. SEARIGHT, Clerk.

"As flows the tide across the pebbly strand  
Then slowly ripples out again to sea,  
So flood the waves of light across the land  
At daybreak, making all the shadows flee;

So slowly ebb they out again through space,  
Past island stars unto that crystal sea,  
That mirrors back the light of God's own face,  
And rolls before His throne eternally.

They are but outer ripples—far-off gleams  
That daily wash against this earthly shore,  
Yet in the light the world transfigured seems;  
What will it be to wake when death is o'er.  
Beside that sea, in lands that need no sun?  
To gaze into its crystal depths and know  
The eternal day of life has just begun,  
As pure and endless as the waters flow.

If so much beauty crowns this little sphere,  
Where "darkly through a glass" we seem to see,  
When "face to face" with Heaven we appear,  
Unspeakable the glory then will be."

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DR. L. G. JOHNSON.

Death seems to have been busy in the early days of the new year. The chimes of '92 had scarcely ceased when his cold hand was laid upon a good man who was once an Elder in the Walnut Street Church. Dr. L. G. Johnson was for several years a resident of Evansville. He was a homeopathic physician and was highly respected in this community. His home was in St. Louis and in a few days after his death his wife was called to follow him to the "better land." Their remains were brought to this place for interment.



## CHAPTER XXII.

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### THE CHILDREN.

“In memory’s mellowing glass how sweet  
Our infant days, and childish joys to greet,  
To roam in fancy in each cherished scene.”

Among those who have a warm place in the heart of the writer are the dear children and to them hearty congratulations are extended that they live in this age of progress when so many new inventions and improvements make the world to them almost a paradise compared with what it was years ago when life seemed barren of enjoyment for children. Even the picture books of the present time are an education to a child.

In a well remembered home of seventy years ago where there was the best collection of books in the neighborhood, except the library of the minister, there were but two books which contained pictures and these were the “Babes in the Woods” and “Bunyan’s Pilgrim’s Progress.” The first was a good book to call out the sympathies of a child

for the poor little babes in the lonely woods, but what a sad lesson in human nature was learned from the character of the uncle. It is a wonder that the child who read this book was not afraid of its uncles ever afterwards. Then Bunyan's old man he called Christian, who would not lay down his burden, was a perfect mystery to the childish mind, it could not comprehend why he was so persistent in carrying that bundle. These books were chosen as the most interesting to a child from among such as Baxter's *Saints' Rest*, *Call to the Unconverted*, Jonathan Edwards' writings, and others of a kindred name and character. The Sunday-school books were the first that were written for children and some of them were far beyond their comprehension. The children of this age of the world are the most important persons in the community, important inasmuch as there is more thought given to their care, education and training as well as to their happiness and welfare than is given to any other class of society, and also because they are to fill the places now occupied by others and their influence for good or evil is to affect the world when the sceptre has fallen from the hands of those who now rule.

The responsibility resting upon the children of these days is very great, the facilities for obtaining knowledge are so much better than they ever were

before, that every child is in a measure responsible for his improvement of these opportunities. The children have the benefit of the knowledge attained by the greatest minds, in science, art and literature; the lightning is harnessed and driven at the will of man; thunder, which was once known only as the voice of God, is now heard without terror. The earth gives up its treasures, buried cities, with all the pomp and wealth of other ages, are excavated, and the temples and palaces of nations that have passed away, are brought to light. The revelations of science in the past few years have almost made a new world of this mundane sphere. Art presents the young with the choicest and most divine studies. Every child should cultivate a taste for music and painting, which lend a refining influence that cannot be derived as well from any other source. Literature provides for every desire of the mind in pursuit of knowledge or pleasure; while there is much literature that it is a great waste of time to read, there is a wealth of thought in the best authors that will enrich and elevate the mind of the reader, and the young should especially choose those authors who give them ideas that they may carry with them through life, and that will have a good influence upon them here and hereafter.



The idea at this day, seems very old-fashioned, that young people should not attend theatres and dances, and play cards. It is either right or wrong to encourage the pursuit of such pleasures. Many thoughtful and experienced persons have decided that it is wrong, and are ready to ask: "Is it right to waste the time that could be better employed, in preparing for, and attending dances and theatres? Is it right to encourage the expenditure of money in this way, by young persons who need to save their earnings to begin a successful life? Should respectable and religious parents countenance theatrical people with whom they could not think of allowing their children even an acquaintance? Is there any good derived from card playing? If so, does the good counteract the harm which has so often followed it—the dishonesty and ruin of thousands?"

The time has been when religious persons disapproved of these amusements, and churches (Walnut Street Church included), called their members to account to the session for drinking intoxicating liquors, playing cards and attending theatres. The question might be asked, are these things any nearer right now than they were then?

Diversions for children should be simple and well selected; those should be chosen about which



there is no doubt of their being conducive to health of the body and mind; late hours and excitement should always be avoided.

While the minds of the children are developing, the parents, perhaps, realizing from their own experience that life may not be to them always a garden of flowers, endeavor to afford them all the pleasure in their power to contribute, and with great painstaking and trouble they furnish entertainments of various kinds, none of which are enjoyed to their fullest extent more than those of the Christmas Holidays. Fifty years ago Christmas was scarcely talked of and never celebrated in Evansville. The old English people were some times known to tell of what they used to do in England at Christmas. There were few Episcopalians or Catholics here then who would have been most likely to have noticed that day; the other denominations were not quite sure about the date of the event which Christmas commemorates and it passed quietly away. Now all seem to agree upon the same time, and the churches from the old Puritan stock are ready to mark the day with festivities, and even the Jewish people give presents to their friends and children on Christmas.

The following newspaper account of a merry Christmas entertainment for the children, finds a

place here with the hope that in some unaccountable manner this volume may survive the wreck of years, and perhaps be found among the other rubbish of some garret in the latter part of the twentieth century (when the manner of spending Christmas may have changed as much as it has in this century), and may afford some of the remote posterity of the actors in the celebration of 1891 an opportunity of seeing how their ancestors spent Christmas:

## SANTA AT CHURCH.

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THE CROWNING EVENT OF CHRISTMAS-TIDE

—CHILDREN MADE HAPPY.

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A Delightful Evening Spent at Walnut Street Presbyterian Church.

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“Last evening the parlors of Walnut Street Presbyterian church were well filled with the boys and girls of the Sunday school and their friends who came to enjoy together the Christmas entertainment.

The room was beautifully decorated with palms, holly, Alabama smilax and mistletoe, and bright

lamps added to the pleasing effect. A stage had been erected in the corner of the room, on which was a fire-place with a tall brick chimney. The bright-faced happy children in their prettiest clothes made by far the sweetest and most attractive picture.

After the opening chorus and an appropriate talk from Mr. James L. Orr, the infant class marched in and took their places on the platform, where they knelt and repeated in concert a sweet little prayer. Miss Bessie Valentine made the opening address very cutely.

In 'Christmas Music,' Milton Pullis, Walter Schnakenburg, John Storms, Jessie Conner, Edward Hankins, Allen Hawkins and Hallie Crawford represented musical instruments.

Misses Mabel Lahr, Madeline Norton, Lillie Hodson, Mamie Goodge, Louise Robinson, Eloise Decker, Mabel Melvin and Mildred Cutler each represented a flower in the 'Christmas Wreath.'

The tableaux were a very pleasing part of the evening's entertainment. In 'Christmas Rich and Poor,' Helen Paine, Helen Venneman and Carl Schnakenburg made a very pretty picture, and Miss Emily Sullivan will not soon be forgotten as she stood leaning upon the cross in 'Rock of Ages.'

A quartet was admirably rendered by Messrs. Walter Decker, Harry Little and John Strain. Little Misses Edith Wing and Ruth Lehnhard sang 'Christmas Thoughts' very sweetly, and Messrs. M. Z. Tinker and Oliver C. Decker delighted the audience by their rendition of 'Star of Bethlehem.'

At the close, Santa Claus with Frances Overman, Loraine Cutler and Tunis Ross made two beautiful tableaux, 'Christmas, Night and Morning,' and as an ending Santa Claus came through the window with the remark that Christmas was over and he had no presents left, but a happy thought struck him, that he might distribute the bricks from the chimney as he would have no further use for it this year. Accordingly it was torn down and to their delight and surprise each one found himself possessed of a brick in the form of a box of candy.

One of the best things about the whole, was the donation given by the boys and girls as a Christmas offering to Park Chapel.

Both old and young were so pleased with the success that they decided to re-appoint the same committee, Mrs. Sue M. Barton, Mr. Will C. Paine and Mr. James L. Orr to attend to all their future affairs of this kind."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

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In giving an account of the lives of all the good men and women who are mentioned in these pages, full justice, perhaps, in some instances, may not have been done; at the same time there has been no desire on the part of the compiler of this book to over-rate anyone whose name appears in it. The fact that in the long period of seventy years, among those pastors mentioned, there has been no one who has not honored his calling, is a subject of congratulation. It will be seen that the subjects of some of these sketches have shown great energy and practiced great self-denial in order to fit themselves for the life they chose, and that the desire to do good was the ruling motive of their labors. There is a sublimity in the thought of men devoting their lives to the good of others. The world holds out many inducements to follow its varied pursuits of pleasure, fame and wealth, which may all array themselves before young men, but those who choose

the ministry for their calling seldom look forward to any of these. The reward of the just and the merciful will be theirs.

It has been impossible to obtain sketches of all the Elders deceased, as well as photographs of some of the clergymen.

Several of the pastors have furnished their histories, which has been a great assistance in collecting facts in regard to their lives, and for this they will please accept many thanks. Some of the pastors were not married, others had wives who had the care of families of small children, or who were invalids, which prevented their being efficient workers outside of their own homes, and though sketches of them might be as interesting as those written, it has not been possible to obtain them.

To the kindness and skill of Mr. Chas. V. Worthington and Mr. S. W. Douglas, is due the credit of the portraits and illustrations.

If there is anything in these pages that can give offense to anyone, it is unintentional, and there is no one to blame but the writer, who has only good will to all.

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The church records contain over four hundred names of members of the church; also the names of one hundred and thirty baptized persons. They

show that one hundred and thirty-two persons have been married by the ministers of the church within the last five years.

There is one feature that is worthy of note in the rules of the Presbyterian Church, which is that a person once a member is always a member, until dismissed by letter, and wherever he goes or whatever befalls him, the church never loses its interest in his welfare and happiness; its sympathies go out to him in affliction, and it rejoices with him if he rejoice. There are the names of some on the church books as members, who were reared in the atmosphere of church influences, who, for reasons of their own, are no longer devoted to the church as formerly. This must be a source of deep regret to those who valued their society and influence, and if the time ever comes when their interest in the church and its welfare revives, they will be joyfully welcomed back to its services and its friendship. When one gives up the God and faith of his fathers, he is like a ship at sea without rudder or compass, he is blown about by every "wind of doctrine." When he loses sight of the lighthouse of Faith, Hope also disappears.

\* \* \* \* \*

In calling to mind the scenes and persons of the past and particularly those who have been gone

from us so long, the writer, although not a spiritualist, has seemed to shake hands with those old friends, and recollections come up of the pleasant social intercourse enjoyed with them. Do they know that they are remembered, and do they think of their old friends?

There are few of the older church members living, and as the "whispering leaves" of life's autumn fall around them, and one after another of those who have walked together in life's pleasant pathway, disappear among the shadows, may those who take their places find only "ways of pleasantness and paths of peace."

"When on my day of life the night is falling,  
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,  
I hear far voices out of darkness calling  
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,  
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay.  
O Love divine, O Helper ever present,  
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,  
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,  
And kindly faces to my own uplifting  
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, O Father! Let Thy spirit  
Be with me then to comfort and uphold;  
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm, I merit,  
Nor street of shining gold.



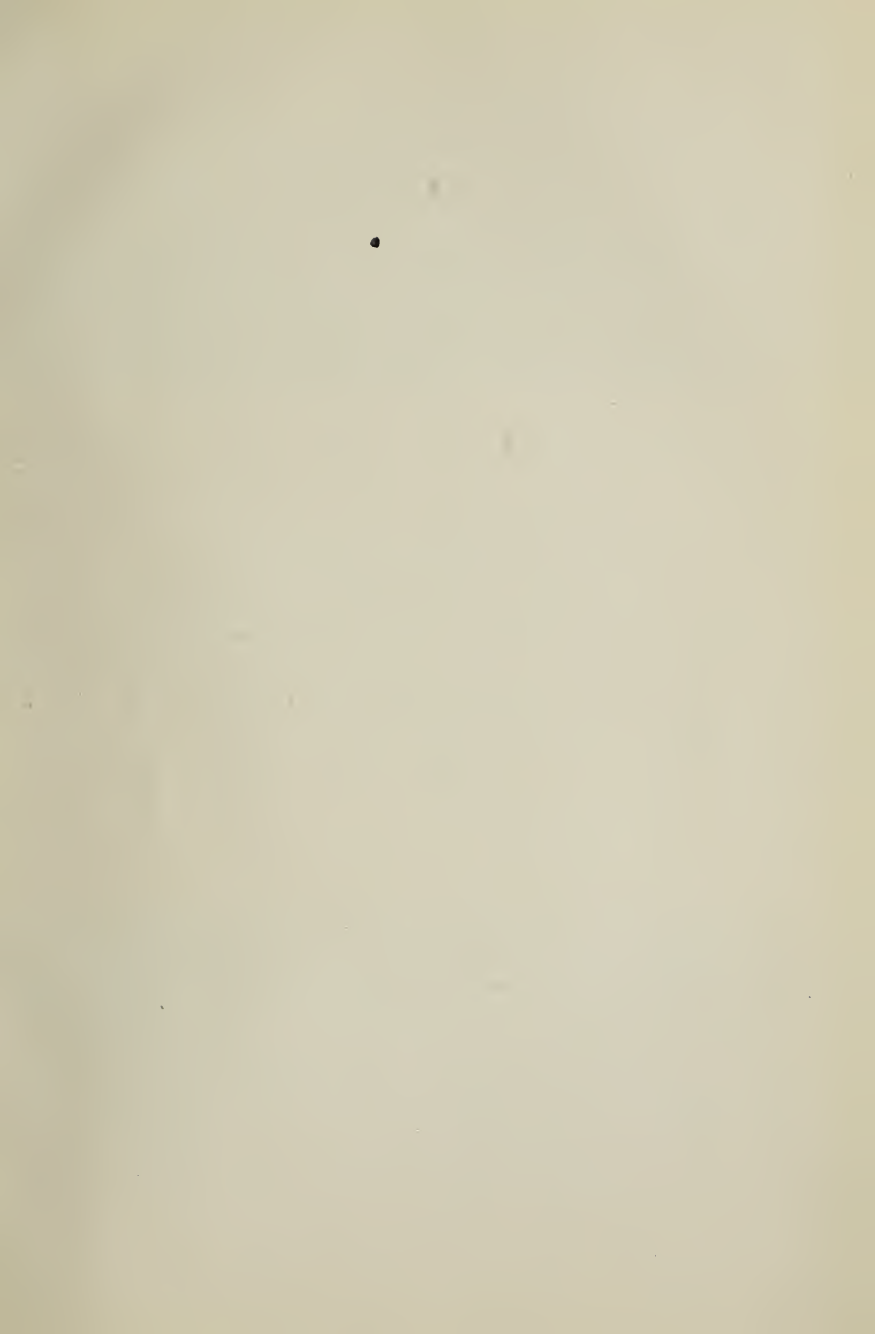
Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,  
And both forgiven thro' Thy abounding grace—  
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned  
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,  
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving cease,  
And flows forever through Heaven's green expansions  
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,  
I fain would learn the new and holy song,  
And find, at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,  
The life for which I long."


M. F. R.



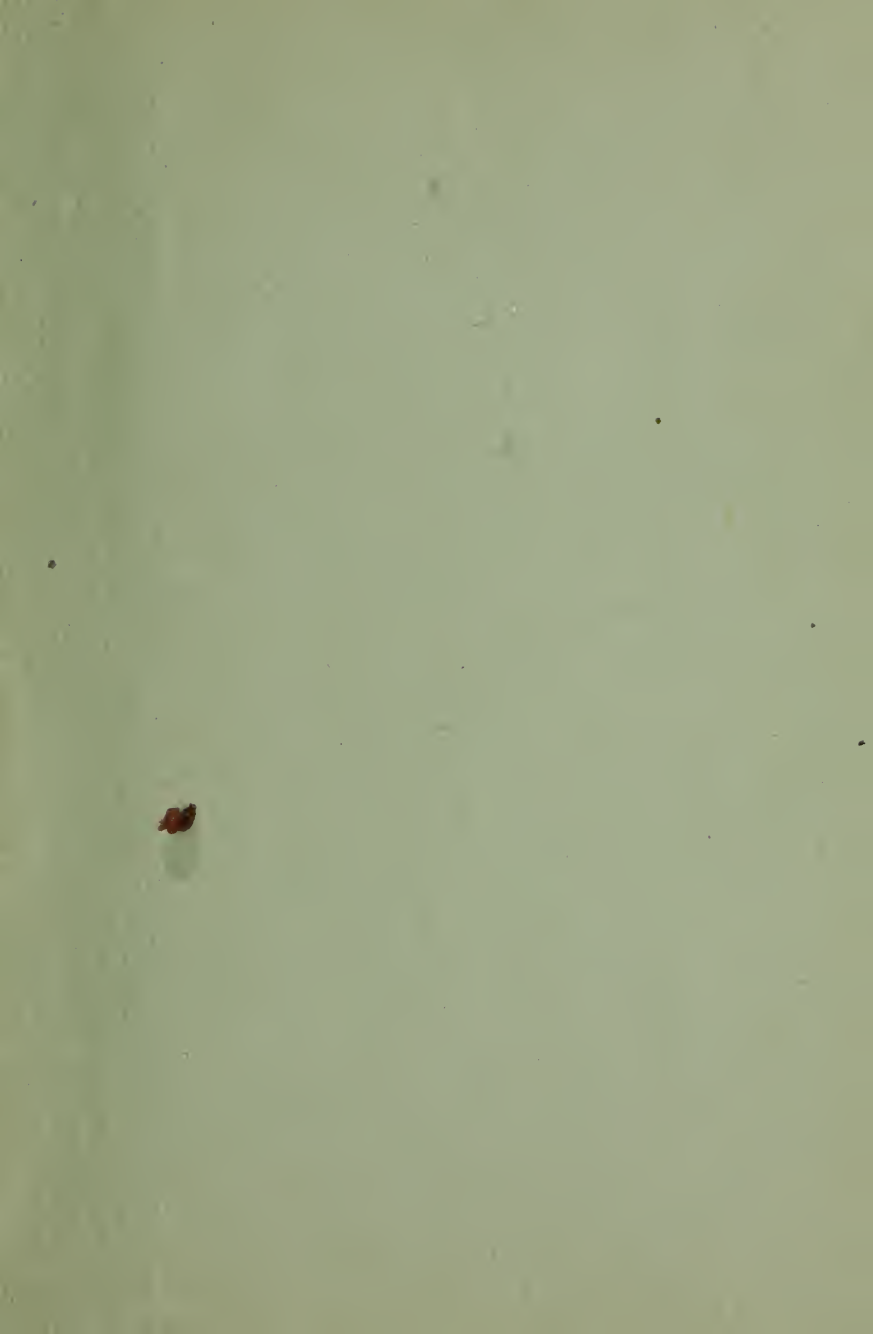




## ERRATA.

- Page 47—Stature instead of statute.  
Page 56—1849 instead of 1840.  
Page 65—February, 1861 instead of 1851.  
Page 79—Rathbone instead of Rathbore.  
Page 80—Were instead of was.  
Page 81—Were instead of was.  
Page 105—\$8,000 instead of \$3 000.  
Page 114—Rev. Dr. Gilleland instead of Rev. Mr. Kumler.  
Page 142—April 20th instead of 10th.  
Page 142—1887 instead of 1877
- 







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